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VOLUME III, NO. 1



TOMMY KIRK AND OLD YELLER



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WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE is published bi-monthly by Western Printing and Lithographing Co., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York. Printed in U.S.A. Second class mail privileges authorized at Poughkeepsie, New York under Act of March 3, 1879 as amended. December 1957. Volume III, No. 1 © 1957 by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Subscription price \$2.50 for 6 issues. \$2.75 in Canada.

Editorial Offices: Walt Disney Productions, 2400 West Alameda Avenue, Burbank, California. Postage paid accompanied manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials.

### Subscription orders:

To subscribe, print name and address clearly and send with \$2.50 to WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE, Box 400, New York 46, New York

Change of address: Please report any change of address to Walt Disney's Magazine, North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York, and to your local Post Office. In reporting a change of address, please report your old address exactly as it appears on the magazine wrapper, and your new address, giving Post Office zone number if any.

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Tommy Kirk appears on our cover this month, together with the canine hero of the motion picture OLD YELLER. The fine color photograph is by Edward Jones. For Tommy Kirk's story about his adventures with the dog, turn to page 6.

Color photographs for A GIRL NAMED DOREEN, pages 8 and 9, are by Roger Davidson; for DANCE, BALLERINA! pages 12 and 13, by Edward Jones; for MOUNTAIN CHALLENGE, pages 28 and 29, by Jim Lewis, Tad Nichols and Lloyd Smith; for IS THE WOLF REALLY BAD? pages 32 and 33, by Herb Crisler, Lloyd Beebe and Hugh A. Wilmar.



**I**t's Christmas again, and I see by the calendar that it's 1957. This is a special year for me and my brothers, because it marks the fiftieth anniversary of the time we saved Christmas.

Perhaps I should identify myself. I am Grover Cleveland Mouse. My lineage dates all the way back to Amos Mouse. My great-great-grandfather George was Amos' brother, and lived in that small Philadelphia church.

My brothers and I live at the North Pole. Father migrated here many years ago. He read what Horace Greeley wrote about "Go West, Young Man," but he got his directions mixed. Before you could wink twice, he was heading north.

Passing through a small town called Detroit, he gave some advice to a young man named Ford who was working on a horseless carriage. He continued through Michigan, but he was nearsighted—when he crossed the Straits of Mackinac, he thought he was swimming the Mississippi. On reaching Hudson Bay he realized his mistake. It was too late to turn back, so he continued to the North Pole, where he became special advisor to Santa Claus.

Not many folks know about us mice at the North Pole. But we're pretty important, like that time in 1907, when Santa Claus got sick.

He'd worked overtime, and come December 23, he was all tuckered out. He had chills and a fever, so Mrs. Claus put him to bed with a hot lemonade and some aspirin. We thought he had a bad cold. None of us guessed he had pneumonia.

Well, on the 24th he was worse, and we were pretty worried. We gathered in the Big Room to hold a special meeting. The gifts were piled in one corner, and all of us wondered who could deliver them if Santa couldn't get out of bed.

At five p.m. we assembled — Mrs. Claus, the leading brownies and elves, the five of us mice, a polar bear, three lost explorers, a trained seal and Donner and Blitzen, representing the eight reindeer. Santa couldn't make it — he was still sick.

"We have called this meeting," said Mrs. Claus, "to see what to do about Christmas."



*illustrated by ATENCIO/LAYNE*

"I suggest we postpone Christmas," said a brownie.

"Impossible!" I yelled, hopping up and down on the gavel.

Mrs. Claus called for order, and she pounded the gavel, sending me flying through the air. I landed plop in the middle of her water glass, which fortunately for me was only half full. I can't swim.

My fellow mice stood firmly behind me, and we shouted down those who wanted to postpone Christmas.

"Hey," I piped, jumping once again on the rostrum and waving my fur hat for attention. "Let me take the sleigh. We mice can make the rounds. We know the stops. I'll get a list of presents..."

Blitzen scoffed, "Who ever heard of a mouse driving a sleigh?" I should perhaps explain that Blitzen and I had never gotten along, not since he found me asleep in his feed bin and accused me of stealing his oats.

"We can do it," chimed my brother, James Madison Mouse. "Between Grover and me, we can handle the reins. John Adams Mouse can call off the names. Making the deliveries will be Andrew Jackson Mouse and Theodore Roosevelt."

"Nuts," said Blitzen with scorn. "Teddy is sick."

"I am NOT sick," squeaked Teddy, coughing slightly. "I feel fit as a Bull Mouse."

We turned to Mrs. Claus, for she would make the decision.

"You mice have been wonderful friends," she said, "and I think you should be the ones to replace Santa this year."

The elves and brownies cheered, the polar bear clapped his paws, the seal threw itself a fish and disappeared. Only Blitzen disagreed.

"I won't be driven by any puny mouse," he roared, "and I know I speak for Donner, Prancer and



Dancer." He strode from the Big Room without looking back.

So it was that five of us mice hitched four reindeer—half the usual number—to the sleigh, piled in the presents, and started off on that bleak 1907 evening to deliver Christmas presents throughout the world.

Most boys and girls believe Santa has a single night in which to deliver all his presents. This isn't so. When it's dark in the Western Hemisphere, he delivers to North and South America. But when it's light in the West, it's dark in Australia, Asia, Africa and Europe. This gives Santa twenty-four hours of darkness in which to make his rounds.

We followed his usual route. We began at the international date line and worked west. First off, we discovered we'd made a terrible mistake. The toys we had packed for Europe were on top. To get to the

canoes, beach towels and toy drums for the boys and girls in the South Seas, we had to unload fur coats, snow suits and sleds scheduled for Sweden and Norway.

We had a bad accident in Italy when we ran smack into a building. Later on, Santa told us the tower at Pisa had been leaning like that for years, but at the time we couldn't help but think we had something to do with tilting that poor building.

Much of the time we were having troubles with the sleigh, too. James Madison and I were struggling with the reins. Thank goodness we had only four reindeer—eight would have pulled us clean out of the seat. As it was, we had to stick ourselves down with chewing gum.

Andrew and Teddy in back had the worst time. Those two mice—you will pardon the expression—worked like beavers as they hoisted the

packages and carried them down chimneys.

Teddy got caught in the strings of a tennis racket, and we stopped the sleigh to get him out. A baseball bat fell on Andy, almost squashing him between a pair of roller skates.

We were held up in South America, too. We flew low over the Pampas, looking for Buenos Aires, when a Gaucho roped us with his riata. Two of the reindeer were roped and branded before we got away.

The South America incident set us behind schedule, and we nearly didn't finish delivering our Christmas toys to the United States.

We sped across Canada and left our last presents—a harpoon, kayak and some mukluks—for the few boys and girls who were then living in Alaska.

Then, as the morning grew older, we buttoned our coats tighter and tucked in our mufflers as we headed home to the North Pole. We let the reindeer pull the empty sleigh at a slow pace. Vixen was hobbling because of his swollen hoof—he stubbed his toe on a church steeple in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Claus waited for us and offered hot chocolate and doughnuts. Santa awakened when we pulled in, and he propped himself up with pillows as we told him about the trip.

He was generous with his praise, but the thing that made us mice the proudest was the plaque. He presented it to us a few days later in the Big Room, and after the ceremony even Blitzen applauded.

The plaque, engraved in gold, mounted on oak, and suitable for hanging on the wall, read in part:

"To honor the following mice for the fine job they have done above and beyond the call of active duty:

"Grover Cleveland

"James Madison

"John Adams

"Andrew Jackson

"Theodore Roosevelt

"These are names that will go down in history."

And I guess Santa Claus was right. After all, many of the names are already in history books, for one reason or another.

*how  
the  
mice  
saved  
Christmas*





# THE BIG YELLER DOG

by Tommy Kirk



When I first met the big yellow dog who plays the title role in *Old Yeller*, he leaped up, bounded all over me and licked my face.

I'll never forget that introduction. It took place the first day of testing, and Director Robert Stevenson wanted to see how the dog and I would get along. "Be nice to the dog," Mr. Stevenson cautioned me.

I wish somebody had told the dog to be nice to me. As he ran toward me with his big tongue hanging out, I heard his trainer, Frank Weatherwax, command, "Get 'em!" And the next thing I knew this 115 pound dog was all over me. A hundred and fifteen pounds—he weighs just about as much as I do.

That meeting with the yellow dog, whose real name is Spike, was a sample of things to come. Making the picture *Old Yeller* was never dull.

We worked not only with Spike, whom Mr. Weatherwax found in a Van Nuys dog pound three years ago, but with deer, raccoons, a bear, wild pigs, rabbits and sometimes lizards and horned toads.

The picture is about Travis (the part I play) who lives with his family on a Texas homestead 90 years ago. Helping Travis with his chores is this big dog, Old Yeller. Also on the ranch is little Arliss (played by Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran, of Mickey Mouse Club television fame.)

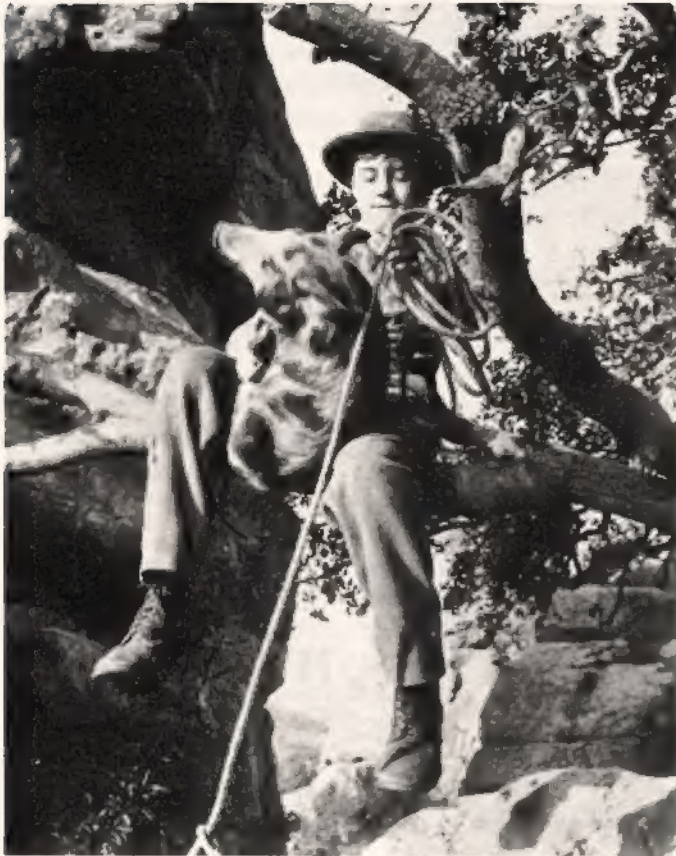
One of the most exciting scenes in the picture comes when Travis goes out to mark a herd of pigs which the family allows to run wild. Ranchers brand cattle, but they cut nicks in the ears of their young pigs for identification. With the help of Old Yeller, I find the shoats and notch their ears.

They used real wild pigs from Central California, and nothing is more mean or vicious. Spike took to rounding them up with no trouble. Mr. Weatherwax said later that he would make a good hog dog. After all, Spike is pretty fast, and he is a big dog—I think he sort of scared those mean old critters.

Of course Mr. Disney had ranch hands standing outside camera range in case one of the pigs should suddenly charge Spike or me. During the shooting I didn't worry too much.

But between "takes" I wandered back into





*I sit on an overhanging tree limb to lasso young pigs and cut identifying notches in their ears*

the hills and just for the fun of it was cracking some rocks with a sledge hammer. I was standing next to a ten-foot drop-off, which isn't very far, but it was covered with loose rock and was pretty dangerous.

I heard some sounds and somebody shouting, and all of a sudden I saw this big boar coming through the underbrush. Somehow he had jumped the wire fence. He was coming right toward me. I didn't know what to do. I was scared.

I took the sledge hammer and held it at arms length in front of me. I guess it was really a pretty stupid thing to do. The boar charged into the hammer and hit it into my stomach. I fell down, and the boar ran over my arm. That was the hardest thing that ever hit me.

Those raccoons are mean little animals, too. There is one scene where they are stealing ears of corn from the field, and Mr. Disney had to grow the corn in a hot house and then transplant it in the studio.

On the sound stage they built a big cage around the corn so the raccoons wouldn't run all over the lot. They put a camera inside the cage and filmed the coons taking the ears of corn off the stalk. The coons looked like cute little things, and I tried to pet one of them. Swipe! He almost bit my hand. After that, I left the coons strictly alone!

Many days were spent shooting sequences at a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. One day on the ranch Kevin was playing in a weed patch, and he found a garter snake. It was a big, huge garter snake almost as big around as my wrist. Kevin wrapped it around his

neck and came over to see me. He asked if I wanted to look at it and I nodded yes.

I took the snake—it wasn't slimy or cold or scaley or wet—and it wrapped itself around my arm. We took it and went to see Beverly Washburn, who also appears in the picture.

We knocked at her trailer door and held the snake between us. As she opened the door the snake began to wiggle. She ran to the far end of the trailer and began screaming at the top of her lungs.

Later on, our teacher told us not to do *that* again.

We didn't get to play with Spike much during the shooting. It doesn't look good to have a dog panting during a take, so Mr. Weatherwax kept him quiet between scenes. If Spike did not appear in the next few



takes, however, we could play and romp. He was especially friendly after he got to know us, but he sure was a big hunk of dog.

He would play on the overcast or rainy days when there was little or no shooting—*Old Yeller* was filmed during the winter months because the cool weather is better for animals. They do not sweat or pant as much in winter as in the summer months.

Mr. Weatherwax told me that some scenes with Spike had never before been accomplished—no dog had ever been trained to do them in movies.

Representatives of the American Humane Association were on the set all the time, and they made *Old Yeller* not only a safe picture, but also lots of fun. They looked out for the best interests of the animals, and of us, which in the end is best for everybody.





*In her home "rehearsal hall" (the family garage made over), Doreen dreams of her career amid the mementos of her parents' triumphs on the stage.*

**D**uring the dark days of the blitz in London, a very popular American dance team known as Tracey and Hay, one of the few to stay on in England after the war broke out, was playing at the Palladium. Sid Tracey and his wife, Bessie Hay, took time out early in 1943 for the arrival of their baby—a little girl they named Doreen, who was born amid the sound of falling bombs and the shriek of sirens.

Young Doreen got her first theater experience early; on days when the Traceys couldn't get a baby-sitter, she was propped up in her basket in the theater wings while her mother and father performed on stage. If she cried, stage hands quieted her by carrying her to a seat in the audience and letting her watch the show from out front.

The war over, the Traceys returned to America, and eventually came to California. Doreen, now six, appeared in the Bozo Circus on TV and had her picture on a magazine cover. At eight she played in her first movie, *Farmer Takes a Wife*, which starred Betty Grable.

When her father bought a dancing studio, Doreen practically lived there. Once, when rain delayed a teacher, she took over and "ran the class" until the instructor could arrive. At nine, Doreen appeared in the All-Star Revue, a TV variety show put on by Ben Blue.

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"About that time," says Doreen, "I wrote a show at school, dreamed up dances for it, and taught them to the other kids. I called it *The Dying Swan* but I think it really was kind of a dead duck."

Just before her twelfth birthday, which was on April 13, 1955, Doreen received a wonderful present: she was called for an audition at the Disney Studio and wound up as a Mouseketeer! Since then, she has participated in many television numbers, has appeared in the movie, *Westward Ho the Wagons!* and is now playing the part of the Patchwork Girl in the new motion picture, *Rainbow Road to Oz*.

Naturally enough, Doreen's ambition is to be an actress. In addition to her studies in the red trailer on the studio lot, she is taking lessons in tap and ballet dancing and in singing. She has many hobbies, too—horseback riding, swimming, gardening, caring for her pets, Samson, the Siamese cat, and the baby poodle Mid-Knight Louis, collecting miniatures, and keeping her scrapbooks up to date.

"But my biggest hobby is clothes," she says. "I don't want the largest wardrobe, but I try to have the neatest and nicest. I love cotton dresses. They're so easy to wash and press. I can iron practically all of my dresses myself."

Doreen believes that to get the most out of life one has to work hard, starting from the bottom and building a strong foundation, "like they do for a building." With an outlook like this, she can't fail!

*Among Doreen's interests are her clothes, her*

*garden, where it's nice to loaf, and her pets,*

*Samson the cat and Mid-Knight Louis, her poodle.*





On a lazy summer's afternoon some three hundred years ago, a quiet Englishman, deep in thought, walked slowly down the graveled pathway of his garden. At either hand shrubs and flowers vied for his attention and just beyond could be seen the green backdrop created by the leafy branches of the trees of his apple orchard.

The Englishman, a noted scientist who preferred to spend most of his time in study, seemed to be contemplating some mental problem. He did not see the flowers or the other delights of his carefully kept garden, nor did he hear the muffled shouts of the vegetable hawker who moved from door to door peddling his wares. Even the occasional rumble of a coach, swinging and bouncing toward London along the ruts of the dirt road beyond the garden wall, did not seem to penetrate his consciousness.

This quiet man whose head was bowed in thought was Dr. Isaac Newton, a professor of mathematics at Trinity College, Cambridge. As he walked, he suddenly saw before him a flash of falling color and perceived that one of his reddest apples had dropped with a little *plop!* into the dust. He stopped short, for here was the very question he had been pondering. Why, he asked himself, had the apple fallen to the ground?

He was to think of the apple for a long while, and when he felt he had the answer he dressed himself up in his best wig and coat and went to present a paper on it to his fellow scientists at a meeting of the Royal Society in London. In this and several other writings he attempted to answer the question of the falling apple.

His answer was simple: "The earth had pulled it down." And this ability of the earth to attract bodies toward its center he called gravity. He said if this idea were correct, then it might be possible that the earth could exert a pull on such things as the moon. The force that held the moon in its path or orbit, he concluded, was the same that had pulled the apple to the earth.

For a long time, Dr. Newton's ideas about gravity were much argued and were accepted by very few people. One of the questions his

fellow scientists asked was this one: "Why doesn't the moon fall to the earth like the apple did?" The best way to answer this question is the way Dr. Newton would — with an example.

Suppose you were to take a yo-yo, or some other object attached to a string, and swing it around your head. You would notice that the faster you swung it around, the more it would seem to want to get away. And, if you let go of the string, it would get away. However, as long as you kept the yo-yo or other object swinging around your head fast enough, and as long as you kept hold of the string, it would continue to circle without falling or getting away. This is basically the same thing that happens between the earth and the moon. The moon is spinning very rapidly around the earth and would escape into outer space were it not for the gravitational pull of the earth, which acts like the string on the yo-yo to keep the moon in its path.

Isaac Newton had always been interested in scientific things. As a boy, he had found great pleasure in making mechanical devices. His youthful inventions, the result of a curious mind and a love of experimentation, included such things as a water-clock run by the force of dropping water, a small windmill that would grind wheat and corn, and a sundial which may be seen to this day at his boyhood home in Lincolnshire, England. Occasionally he made doll furniture for his little girl friends and once he found great fun in a carriage he built which could be propelled by the occupant.

When he grew older, Isaac was sent to Cambridge to become a student in Trinity College. There he constructed a reflecting telescope to use in his studies. He soon became

## Mr. Newton and his...



by David Usher





fascinated by the experiments he was able to make with light and color. One day, for example, he found that by passing a beam of light through an opening in a darkened room and into a prism, he could demonstrate that white light is a combination of the seven colors of the rainbow.

Isaac Newton, following his schooling, became a professor at Cambridge. As a respected mathematician, astronomer and natural philosopher, he made many important searches into the exciting mysteries of science. His experiments with light are the basis of modern optics. He made numerous discoveries in the field of mathematics; he developed integral and differential calculus. He discovered many of the fundamental laws of the physical world upon which modern physics and mechanics are founded. His book, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, published in 1687, is considered to be one of the greatest single contributions in the history of science.

A very reserved man, Newton shrank from publicity. He was a serene man, as this story about him illustrates so well: One day his little dog, Diamond, while alone in his master's study, was said to have overturned a candle which set fire to the great scientist's papers, destroying the work of years. "Ah! Diamond, Diamond! Thou little knowest the mischief thou has wrought!" is said to have been Newton's only comment.

In recognition of his valuable contributions to man's knowledge, Newton, who also served as a distinguished member of Parliament and for many years as president of the Royal Society, was knighted by Queen Anne in 1705. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, where so many of England's famous sons have been laid to rest.





# Dance, Ballerina!



LINDA HUGHES

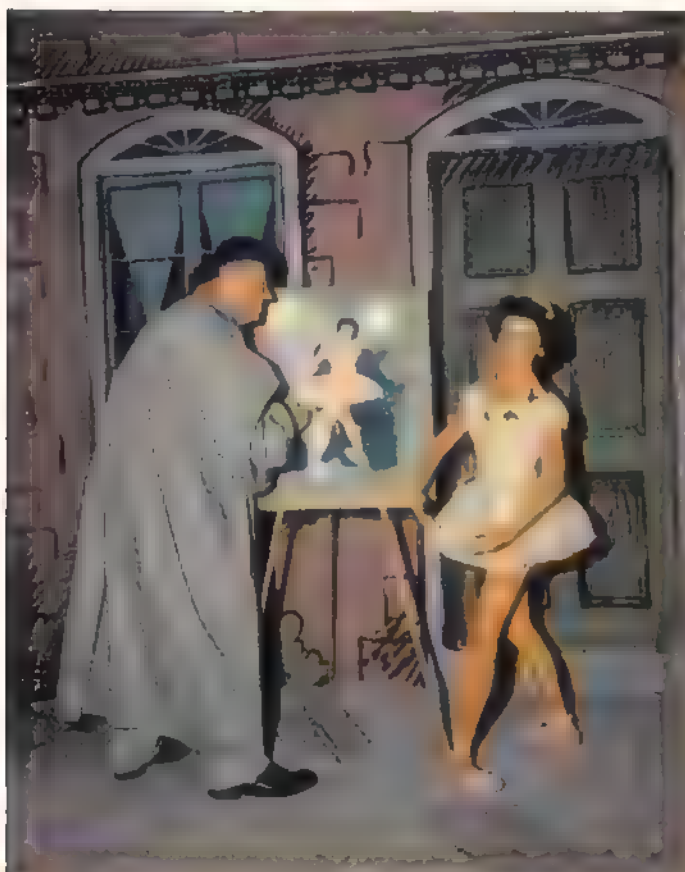




CHERYL HOLDRIDGE



KAREN PENDLETON



Like Degas, Big Mooseketeer Roy Williams is inspired by ballerinas. Here he sketches Annette Funicello in a Paris street scene.

Today, more than ever before, the young people of America are showing an increasing interest in ballet, which is a solo or group dance performed to music.

Often the performers dance in pantomime to a famous story, such as *Cinderella* or *Sleeping Beauty*. Recently many popular ballets have been written about American subjects, and they have undoubtedly accounted for the renewed interest. Among them are *Billy the Kid*, *Filling Station*, *Rodeo*, *Fancy Free* and *Fall River Legend*.

Ballet has long been included in opera, and in recent years it has played an integral part in Broadway shows. Some of the most delightful moments in *Oklahoma!*, *The King and I*, *Guys and Dolls* and *Most Happy Fella* have been the ballet performances.

The ballet began in 1450 in Italy as a social dance to entertain the royal family. About 1600 the first professional ballet dancers appeared. The Russian Imperial School of Ballet, probably the most famous, began in 1735. Other world-renown companies include the Sadler's Wells (or Royal Ballet), Ballets de Paris and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Like all dancers, the young ballerinas on these pages must work and study to master the very exacting art of ballet. But they are having great fun doing it.





illustrated by JACQUES RUPP

**L**eland was a very lazy beaver. He was far from industrious. In fact, when he worked the hardest he resembled a bear in hibernation.

Nobody was sure where Leland picked up his lazy streak. Certainly not from his mother, who won a prize for keeping the neatest house in New York State. Not from his father, who three times won the Paul Bunyan Award for gnawing down birch trees faster than any other beaver in New England.

Leland's brothers and sisters worked hard. They branched far and wide from the home pond. They felled trees and made dams and created ponds and had families.

Not Leland. He hated work.

When his father gave him lessons on cutting trees, Leland fell asleep. His mother complained that his room was dirty. Finally they kicked Leland out of the house. "You are old enough to build your own lodge," they told him.

Unperturbed, Leland wandered down the path. Pretty soon he came to a deserted pond with a beaver

house in the middle. It was old, but it was livable. The dam needed work, so Leland scraped together some mud to make it hold back water.

The small pond kept away predators. The dam held up. He was away from the insults of his family. Food was plentiful. Leland spent his time in his unkempt den reading poetry.

One night in late summer, a light rain began to fall. Leland moved over to avoid a leak in the ceiling and continued reading. The rain grew heavier, and Leland thought about looking at his dam. He didn't. Instead he went to sleep.

Soon after midnight the dam broke and the water rushed out of the pond. In the morning, Leland awakened to find his den washed away.

He had to look for another house, so he ambled through the woods. He passed many of his brothers and sisters hard at work repairing their dams and lodges. He smiled heartily, hoping for an invitation to visit, but they were too busy to talk.

He came to a river, and he found a burrow on the bank. But boat

whistles kept him awake, and children swimming nearby disturbed his poetic mood.

Beavers are not naturally burrowing animals, but they can dig holes if they must. So Leland dug farther into the ground to escape the noise.

On the afternoon of the fifth day he burrowed his way into a tunnel already built, apparently by another beaver. It was the best burrow he'd seen. It was long and cool, with lights every so often. It had some strips of steel along the floor, but that was only a minor inconvenience. This was the ideal home for any beaver, especially Leland.

What he didn't know was that he had pushed into a branch of the New York subway system.

Leland had just settled down for a nice nap when he heard a distant rattling and shaking. Instead of acting alert, he clapped a paw over one ear.

Clickety-clickety, rattlety-rattlety, WHOOOSH!

The subway train streaked by. It disappeared down the tunnel in a cloud of soot, grime and sparks.

Leland was terrified. He'd never



# LELAND

## and the long dark tunnel



by George Sherman

seen an animal like that. He'd heard tales of long worms, but none of them sounded like the big clickety-monster that had just roared past.

Compared to this noisy tunnel, the riverbank was pretty quiet. Leland tried to find the hole that led back to his burrow, but it was plugged.

Leland was trapped!

Keeping his few wits about him, he remembered the long tunnel leading to his family's house in the pond. He reasoned that this cavern must lead some place—perhaps some place he could spend the night.

Walking along the rails, he heard faintly in the distance the approach of another train. Zoom, it came. Whoosh, it went.

Leland sadly looked down at his tail. It was flatter than usual. The train had run over it.

Favoring his injured tail, the beaver moved on. Soon he saw a collection of lights and a platform. Beside the platform was one of the big train-monsters with two glaring square eyes and a nose with a light.

People crowded the platform. A tall man, standing above him, wore

a beard. Leland heard two teen-age girls smack their hands and cry "Beaver!" He chattered to attract their attention.

"What's that?" asked one, pointing at Leland.

"I dunno," replied the other, "but he needs a haircut."

Another train rumbled into the station. Frantically, Leland scrambled up onto the platform and a tide of people swept him into a car. The door shut, and Leland was swaying with the coach, headed downtown.

At Times Square the surge carried him out of the car and deposited him on the platform. He was a disreputable looking beaver—covered with soot, his fur matted and mussed, his tail badly in need of a bandage.

Two subway officials walked by. Said one: "How'd that animal get in the subway?"

"Who knows," replied the other. "Long as he paid his way, I don't care who rides."

Leland found bits of candy bars, peanuts and wads of chewing gum in the Times Square station. When nobody was looking he would raid a

trash barrel and find leftover sandwiches and fruit.

His hunger satisfied, Leland crawled under a stairway and went to sleep. He was blissfully in dreamland when a lady mistook him for a mink coat.

Surprised, Leland bit her.

She screamed.

Soon a subway official and two men in blue uniforms were taking Leland to an office.

"The fur coat bit me," the lady complained.

"This ain't no fur coat, lady," the man said. "They're having a dog show at Madison Square Garden, and this here's one of them unusual breeds. Nice doggy," he said, petting Leland.

"What are we gonna do with him?" asked a man in blue.

"I'm taking him home with me. I found him," said the lady.

During the conversation, Leland slipped out of the office and back to his bed under the stairway.

He slept the night away, and next morning a conductor found him.

"You are a beaver," he said.

Leland nodded.

"You belong in the zoo," said the conductor. "Come with me."

Before Leland could protest, the man carried him onto a train bound for the Bronx. During the trip the train left the tunnel and traveled above ground.

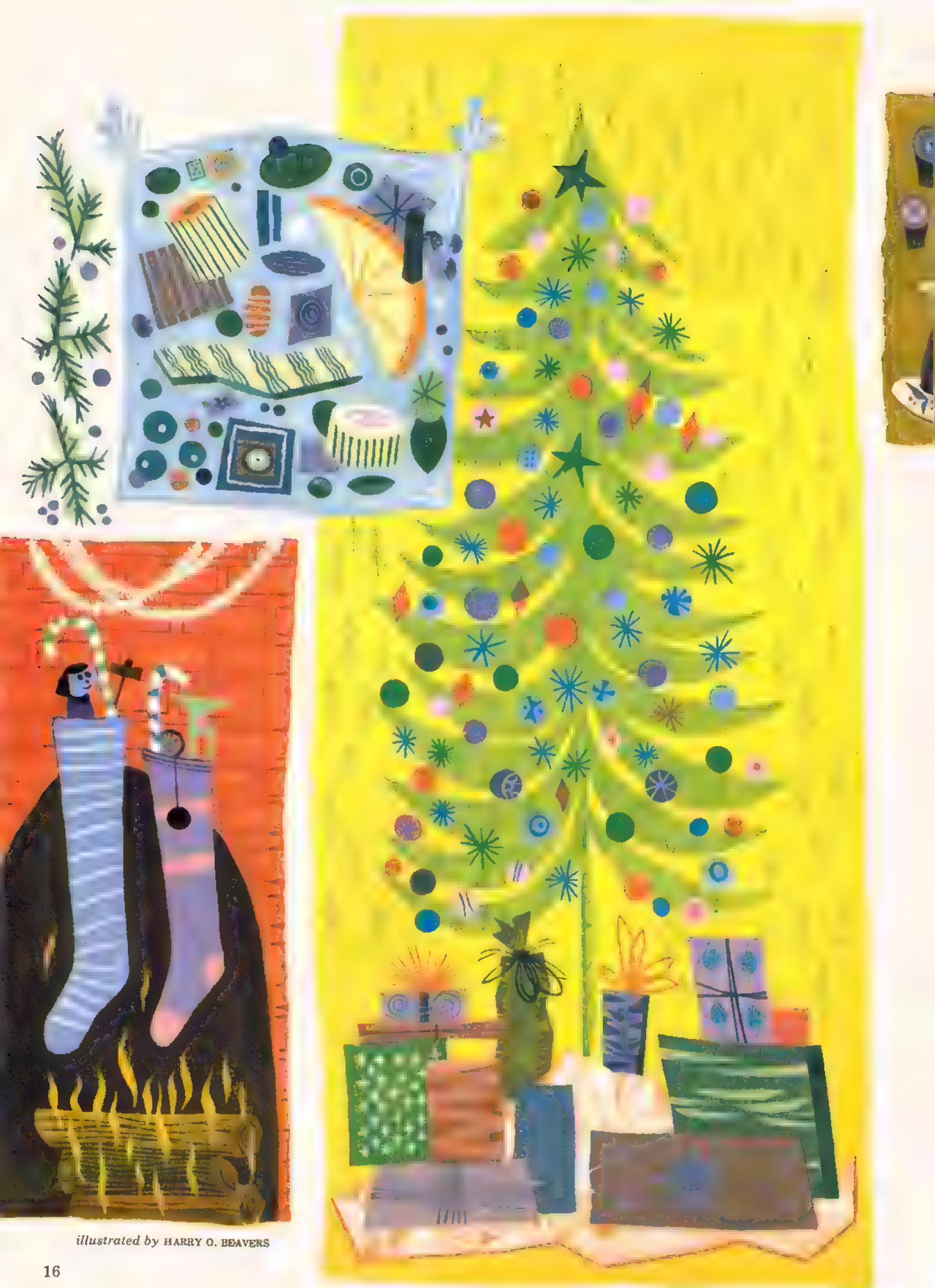
The conductor said, "Go down the stairs and turn left. The entrance to the zoo is half a block."

The train sped away. Leland was alone on the empty platform.

He reported to the zoo, where the keeper painted Mercurochrome on his tail and gave him a home with many other beavers, none of them his relatives.

At last Leland was happy. All day long he could sleep and read. Sometimes visitors came to stare at him, and they threw him things to eat. Some of them tossed him books of poetry, and soon he had a complete set of Eugene Field. What a happy beaver he was, and all because he had blundered into the long tunnel with the strange clickety-monsters that went whoosh.





illustrated by HARRY O. BEAVERS





Everyone likes Christmas. It's the best day of the year. It's the day when the beautiful gifts, so carefully chosen and wrapped, are opened and proudly displayed under the glittering Christmas tree. It's the day for wonderful parties and wonderful dinners, for good wishes and bright faces and cheery voices raised in merry carols.

How did it all start? Of course, everyone knows that Christmas is the day we celebrate the birthday of the Baby Jesus. No one knows just when His birthday *really* was. As a matter of fact, for the first 400 years after His birth, there was no Christmas at all. But then, about the year 440, it was decided that a day should be set aside to commemorate Christ's birth. And what better day than the 25th of December—the time of the winter solstice, when the days began to get longer? This day was already firmly fixed in the minds of the people as a festival day. For centuries it had been a time of rejoicing, when everyone made merry in anticipation of the return of the warmth and light of summer. And so the day of the old mid-winter festival was adopted as the birthday of Christ.

Naturally enough, many of the old customs associated with the pre-Christmas feast were carried over and became part of Christmas customs. The use of holly as a decoration, for example, was one feature of the old Roman celebration of the Saturnalia. Before the missionaries visited Britain, the Druids used to gather mistletoe and hang it in their homes. Then, when the people became Christians, they simply kept these ancient customs and eventually they became part of the Christmas merry-making.

Even the Christmas tree came about because of a custom that is much, much older than Christmas. When Saint Boniface, an English missionary, went to Germany in the eighth century, he found that the people there worshipped a god called Odin, and made sacrifices to an oak tree which was sacred to Odin. So Boniface persuaded them instead to adorn a fir tree in tribute to the Christ Child. Ever since, there have been gaily decorated Christmas trees in Germany. The custom was brought to England in the last century by Prince Albert, the German husband of Queen Victoria. And immigrants from Germany brought the Christmas tree to America.

But don't think for a minute that all of our Christmas customs come down to us from the old pagan days. It was the good Saint Francis of Assisi who encouraged caroling at Christmas time. And it was he who began the lovely custom of building a creche or crib, with statues representing the Madonna and Child, Saint Joseph, and the shepherds who came to the stable at Bethlehem, as well as the three kings from the east, who brought their rich gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Perhaps it was these three kings who inspired the giving of Christmas gifts. Certainly, Christmas is always a time of giving, and of receiving, presents. In the United States it is Santa Claus who brings the gifts to boys and girls. But Santa Claus is a nickname for Saint Nicholas, a bishop who lived hundreds of years ago. The people of Holland say that St. Nicholas comes to children on his feast day, early in December, and drops gifts into their wooden shoes. Here in America, however, Saint Nicholas comes on Christmas Eve, and puts his gifts into the children's stockings.

And so it happens each year that at Christmas we decorate our homes with holly and mistletoe, like the old Romans and the pagan Druids. We adorn an evergreen tree with bright lights and sparkling ornaments and tinsel, as the German people have done for centuries. We go caroling through the frosty winter streets, as the Italian and French and English have done since the time of Saint Francis, so long ago. We give gifts to our loved ones, just as the three kings gave gifts to the Christ Child way back when it first began . . . And it all adds up to a Merry Christmas!





**F**our miles off the eastern shore of Virginia lies the small island of Chincoteague. Though only seven miles long, this tiny island is known far and wide for its fine oysters and rugged little Chinco ponies. Across ■ 150-yard channel from Chincoteague is Assateague Island. Thirty-three mile long, this narrow strip of windswept land serves as an outrider, protecting little Chincoteague from the fury of the Atlantic Ocean. It also provides ■ haven for wildlife, which includes wild geese and ducks and the shaggy little wild ponies.

For two hectic days each July, the seafaring men become cowboys and cross the channel to Assateague Island to round up the wild ponies and drive them back to the corrals of Chincoteague. There the colts are sold, and some adventurous visitors try to ride the older ponies. Two days later, the breeding stock is driven back to Assateague Island to await the next annual round-up.

This colorful rodeo event has been staged by these Virginia fishermen each year since the eighteenth century, and it draws thousands of visitors from all over the United States.

About 200 miles away, in the sleepy little Virginia town of Milford Haven, two youngsters were planning their first trip to this exciting event. Aubrey James had promised his

twin sons to take them to the pony round-up, and Beau and David were counting the days until school was out and the last week in July rolled around.

"If you study hard and make good grades," their father had said, "I'll take you to Chincoteague."

So the twins were on their best behavior. They studied harder than ever before, did all their chores and obeyed their parents. Mrs. James was amazed at the change, for now Beau and David were models of perfection.

As they diligently cut and raked the lawn, they talked of their forthcoming trip. They had often heard their father tell of his boyhood trips to Chincoteague which sounded like most wonderful adventures.

"Where is Chincoteague, David?" Beau inquired. "I've heard Dad tell about it, but I don't know exactly where it is. How far away is it?"

"I looked it up on the map, and it's an island off the eastern shore."

"An island? Do we go by boat to get there?" Beau asked, excitement in his voice.

"You can go by boat," David answered with authority, "but they've built a highway and bridges across the marshes and water so you can drive over."



# ISLAND ACROSS THE BAY

part 1 by Tom Jones

illustrated by SAM MC KIM

"Oh, I think it would be much more exciting to go by boat," Beau went on. "Let's persuade Dad not to drive."

"We can try," David agreed. "Maybe he could talk Uncle Will into sailing us over. He's always said when we got older he'd take us on a trip."

"Gosh!" Beau enthused. "We could play like we were the Spanish ship that brought the first ponies to Chincoteague Island."

"Dad says that isn't the only story of how the ponies got to the island," said David. "Some people say that years ago pirates swam a small herd to the island and abandoned it. Others say the ponies are related to horses brought over by Ponce de Leon. Then there's the story of the planters who many years ago carried their stock to Chincoteague to keep from paying taxes on mainland horses."

Beau listened intently and then interrupted his brother.

"I still like the story of the Spanish galleon that was wrecked off the coast in a terrible storm and how the horses escaped and swam to safety on Chincoteague," Beau continued. "That story's much more exciting."

"Tonight let's ask Dad to talk to Uncle Will," David suggested. "For one thing, his boat is anchored in the creek, and he's not using it this summer except for a trip now and then to Baltimore to carry canned goods. It seems like a trip to the island would be a good thing for the old *Mary Ann*."

That night at supper, David approached his father about sailing up the bay to Chincoteague.

"It would be a nice trip," Mr. James agreed. "I haven't been on a good sail for many a day, and that's a pretty hot drive in this summer weather."

The boys looked at each other, surprised by their father's attitude. What they had anticipated to be a major problem suddenly turned out to be quite simple. They were amazed.

Mr. James added, "But we've got to talk to Will and see if he'd like to make the trip. He might have a haul up to Baltimore that week."

"Let's go down tonight and talk to him," Beau suggested.

"No, son, not tonight. I've got to drive to Locklies Creek in the morning, and I'll ask him then."

"Now then, enough of wild ponies,

sailing and such for the moment," Mrs. James interrupted. "Better get at those books and get that homework done. You'll have plenty of time to make plans when school's over."

Beau and David obeyed their mother's command and made a hasty retreat. Their noses were in their books, but their minds were racing with exciting thoughts of their trip to the island.

The next day, the twins rushed home from school to learn what Uncle Will had said. The news was not the best. Uncle Will had agreed to go to Baltimore in July for the Callis Cannery, but he didn't know the exact date. If the haul didn't come at round-up time, he'd take the boys and their father to the Chincoteague round-up.

"Now, that's not saying he will," Mr. James reasoned with his sons, "and yet it doesn't mean he won't. So let's hope for the best."

The days sped by. Exams came and went, and Beau and David passed with flying colors. Their report cards so pleased their parents that, as a bonus, Mr. James promised to buy them each a pony at the round-up. Ponies to call their very own! It was almost too good to be true.

No sooner had Mr. James told them about the ponies, than the boys began planning where to house these additions to the family.

"You can turn the old tool shed into



a stable," Mr. James suggested. "It'll need a thorough cleaning and a complete white-washing, but I know you boys can do it. Then we'll have to fence in an area for a corral."

"We'll do it, Daddy," Beau answered with enthusiasm. "We'll get started in the morning."

By day the boys scrubbed and washed the tool shed, and by night they huddled together with pencil and paper, writing down names for the ponies. They came up with "Nipper," "Skipper," "Chinco," after the island, "Jamey," "Trigger" for their favorite movie and TV horse, and "General Lee," after their beloved Confederate general. These were but a few of the long list, but they couldn't agree on the names.

"Boys, why don't you wait until you get the colts," Mrs. James interrupted one of several arguments. "Then you'll know what names suit them best. The color might help you decide. Or the personality. The name should always fit the animal."

The pony round-up was only one week away, and still no word came from Uncle Will. Beau and David had almost given up the idea for a boat trip when Uncle Will's car rolled into the yard that hot July afternoon and he made his way to the house. He was wiping his brow with a handkerchief as Mrs. James met him at the door.

"Good afternoon, Will. It's a real scorcher today."

"Sure is, Mary," he agreed, "but it looks like we may get some relief, judging from those dark clouds. We sure could use a little rain. Crops are burning up, down in my end of the county."

"Guess you want to see Aubrey," Mrs. James said.

"Yup, if he's about."

"I'll call him. He's down at the tool shed putting in some wheat straw for the ponies he's getting the boys."

"Don't bother calling him, Mary," Uncle Will continued, "I'll go on down there. I know the way."

Mr. James and the boys were finishing putting in the ponies' bedding when Uncle Will walked up.

"Nice looking stable you got here, boys," he drawled. "You've done a mighty fine job."

The twins, delighted to hear Uncle Will's voice, raced over to the fence. They were brimming with expectancy.

"Thank you, Uncle Will," David replied. "Glad you like it."

"Afternoon, Will," Aubrey James greeted his brother. "What brings you up to this end of the county?"

"Had to make a trip to Callis Cannery and thought I might as well stop

by and go over plans for our trip to Chincoteague next week."

The twin's mouths fell open, and they stood motionless for a moment. Then they shrieked with joy.

"Simmer down, boys," Mr. James called. "So you decided to make the trip, Will."

"Old man Callis has postponed his shipment until the first of August, so that leaves me free to sail to Chincoteague," he explained. "That is, if you're still interested in going over on the old *Mary Ann*."

"Oh, yes, sir," Beau piped up. "We sure are, Uncle Will."

"Good. I figure we should get away from my landing early Wednesday morning if we want to get to Chincoteague by nightfall. We could get a good night's sleep and be up bright and early Thursday morning to catch all the festivities. That all right with you, Aubrey?"

"Fine, Will, that'll give us Thursday and Friday on the island, and Saturday to get back home."

"Then I'll be running along, boys. See you next Wednesday, say about five a.m.," he concluded. "Oh yes, one other thing. Bring along your sweaters and raincoats in case we run into a squall, and ask your mother to cook you up some fried chicken to eat on the boat. And tell her to put in a drumstick or two for your Uncle Will."

"Yes sir, Uncle Will, we sure will do that," David promised.

The next few days seemed endless for Beau and David. They kept busy with their chores but were so keyed up they could hardly keep their minds on their work. Nights were even worse, for once they were in bed it seemed hours before they could fall asleep. They packed and re-packed their one suitcase and reminded their mother, not once, but several times about the fried chicken.

"Land sakes," Mrs. James sighed, "you won't be any happier to see Wednesday roll around than I will. Then maybe I can get a little peace for a change."

Wednesday morning finally arrived. Mrs. James had packed lunch the night before, and the twins were dressed and ready to go at three a.m. At their mothers insistence, they tried to gulp down a few mouthfuls of breakfast, but they were much too excited to eat. Anyone would have thought Uncle Will's boat ran on schedule and the *Mary Ann* would be pulling away from the pier sharply at five a.m. After prying their father away from the breakfast table and bidding their mother goodbye, the young voyagers were in the car and on

their way to Locklies Creek.

Uncle Will was waiting on the pier when they arrived, and the *Mary Ann* was straining at her lines. Beau, David and Mr. James quickly loaded their bags aboard, and Uncle Will gave the order to cast off.

The air was crisp and cool, and the *Mary Ann* cut swiftly through the creek waters and into the broad expanse of Chesapeake Bay. Beau and David sat with their father on the forward deck. The salty spray that dampened their faces filled them with chills of excitement. Uncle Will, his craggy face tanned by strong sun and salty winds, stood firmly at the wheel, puffing his pipe while holding the boat on course.

Though they had seen the *Mary Ann* at anchor many times, this was the first time the twins had been aboard. Once Uncle Will had charted his course, he turned the wheel over to a crew member and came down from the wheel house to show Beau and David around the boat. As they went from cargo hold to Uncle Will's cabin to galley and wheelhouse, the boys hung on his every word. They picked up such nautical terms as port and starboard, fore and aft, hal-yard, jib and mainsail. They wanted to remember each term and to understand how to use it.

The wind remained strong and steady, and the *Mary Ann* continued to move at a fast clip, cutting through the white caps that filled the bay.

Rejoining their father, who was sunning himself on the forward deck, Beau and David thought once more about Chincoteague and the pony round-up.

"Do the ponies really run wild on Chincoteague, Daddy?" inquired Beau.

"Yes. Not only Chincoteague but on nearby Wallops and Assateague Islands as well. The majority of them come from Assateague."

"What do they live on?"

"Mainly marsh grass and water," Mr. James answered. "It's the sparse diet and those rough winters that make them such tough shaggy beasts."

"Can we go along on the round-up?" Beau asked.

"I won't promise, but I'll check with Jake Townsend, the Chincoteague fire chief, and see if we can't tag along," Mr. James tried to sound encouraging.

"What's the fire chief got to do with the round-up?" David's curiosity was very much aroused.

"The fire department stages the round-up each year to raise money, and Mr. Townsend is in charge," Mr. James patiently explained.

A call from Uncle Will in the wheel house interrupted the discussion. "How



about some of your mother's fried chicken?"

Beau was quick to reply, "We brought a whole box full, Uncle Will."

"Good boys," Uncle Will praised. "I'll be down in a minute. My stomach tells me it's about time for lunch."

As they sat enjoying every morsel of crisp fried chicken, deviled eggs, potato salad and buttered rolls, Uncle Will smacked his lips and complimented Mrs. James' cooking. Then he interrupted himself and pointed straight ahead, past the jib.

"There she is, boys. The one and only Atlantic," he said.

but tried not to show it.

"Is the Atlantic always like this, Dad?" David asked in a weak voice.

"Not always, son," Mr. James answered. "Looks like we might be running into a squall, but the old *Mary Ann* has seen much rougher weather than this."

Waves were breaking over the bow, so Mr. James advised the twins to move inside. By now, the storm had reached its peak. Thunder rumbled and crashed. Lightning crackled and flashed. Beau and David crouched on one bunk while Mr. James, trying to appear calm and relaxed, stretched out on the other bunk

"No, sir." David tried to appear unconcerned. "I don't think so."

The storm continued. The old schooner groaned and creaked. Thunder crashed louder. Lightning forks flashed sharp and close. Waves whipped and frothed over the deck, and the boat pitched and rolled.

For a time it seemed the storm would never end, and then as suddenly as it came up, it subsided. The waves diminished into white caps, the thunder became a distant faraway rumble and the lightning, blurred flashes on a hazy, misty horizon. Once more the sea was calm, and a gentle rain was the only reminder of the storm just passed.

A call from one of the crew sent Uncle Will scurrying on deck, "What's the trouble, Frank," he called.

"The rudder, Cap'n Will," the seaman answered from the stern, where he was inspecting the rudder shaft. "Seems a cable's busted or the shaft is broken. Can't tell which right now, but she won't hold her course."

"Dangbustit," Uncle Will muttered. "Never knew it to fail. When you're trying to get somewhere in a hurry, something like this always happens."

Aubrey James and the boys had heard part of the conversation and were now on deck.

"Anything serious, Will?" Aubrey asked his brother.

"The danged rudder's busted," Uncle Will replied, annoyed.

"What'll you do?" Beau asked.

"We'll try to fix it, but if it's worse than we think, we'll have to radio the Coast Guard and get towed in."

"Will we be able to get to Chincoteague, Uncle Will?" David asked.

"Eventually, son, I guess. But it's no telling how long it'll take to get this thing fixed, and if'n we don't it's no telling how long it'll take the Coast Guard cutter to get to us. We might not get in until late tomorrow, and by then we'd have missed the whole round-up."

At this last remark, the twins' faces fell and their spirits sank.

"But sit tight," Uncle Will said. "We'll get right to work on the old rudder and see what can be done."

While the crew lowered the mainsail, Uncle Will opened the hatch and descended into the hold. The crew followed the captain below.

Beau and David, together with their father, sat near the opening and watched the activity in the hold. All they could do was wait and be patient.

The *Mary Ann* was adrift on the broad ocean and at the mercy of the turbulent Atlantic.

(To Be Continued)



Beau's eyes widened at the vast expanse ahead of them.

Uncle Will added, "We'll head due north from here and, if the breeze keeps up, we should be at Chincoteague by nightfall."

The breeze held steady, but the sky began to darken. By midafternoon the sun had disappeared. Ominous clouds hung overhead, and the once smooth surface was broken by rolling waves. The *Mary Ann* began to pitch and toss. She seemed to lay in a deep trough, surrounded by high walls of water. Beau and David began to feel uneasy

to read a magazine.

Dressed in a slicker and sou'wester Uncle Will came bursting through the door. "Quite a blow, Aubrey." He stood there, dripping rain and sea water. "Ain't seen one this hard since that northeaster last fall."

He noticed the twins' frightened expressions and tried to cover up his last remark.

"But you're safe, boys on the old *Mary Ann*. She's outridden many a storm with not even so much as a ripped sail. She'll just roll and toss for a while. Hope you don't get seasick, boys."





illustrated by PAUL HARTLEY

*The rough and ready heroes of the old west*

# MOUNTAIN MEN





"They ain't no proper room in the east," says Joe Crane, veteran mountain man, in the story *Andy Burnett*. "There you got to keep your elbows in. Do any big breathin' an' you'll punch some farmer in the ribs. The mountains is the place for a man with whiskers on his chest an' savvy in his head."

By "a man with whiskers on his chest," Joe Crane meant one of the curious breed of adventurers who swarmed into the Rocky Mountains early in the 1800's to make their fortunes trapping beaver.

They were restless ones, these trappers, runaways and misfits who could not conform to the ways of polite society. They were daring and brave and cunning and strong. They had to be. Some were fierce and some were

gentle. They were Spanish and Irish and French and American. It didn't matter who they were, or where they came from, or why they came, because after a year or two in the Rockies they were all mountain men.

Being a mountain man meant more than being a fur trapper. It meant being an expert marksman, because if you missed one shot with your rifle, you had to stop and reload before you could take another. It meant knowing how to handle a knife and a tomahawk, because sometimes you did miss a shot — and sometimes you had to fight more than one Indian. It meant being able to live off the land you traveled, because you couldn't carry too many supplies with you.

You were a skilled horseman if you were a mountain man, and you knew the way through the high passes and you could talk with the Indians. Sometimes, if you stayed in the mountains long enough, you got to be like the Indians. You wore Indian clothes, painted your face red and ochre, braided your hair with mud, and decorated yourself with porcupine quills and colored glass beads. You couldn't sleep in a bed and were apt to choke if you had to stay indoors too long.

You had your own lingo, too, a mixture of your native tongue and the Indian dialects, liberally sprinkled with phrases picked up from French and Spanish trappers. It was pure mountain-man talk. For example, when you asked a man which way his stick was floating, you meant, which way was he going. And you didn't call yourself a trapper. You were a *hivernant* — meaning one who "hibernates" in the mountains and gets fur. Money was not called money. It was "beaver."

If the mountain men had done nothing but collect beaver pelts in the wilderness, they would have been forgotten long years ago. But they did much, much more than that. They learned about the country they traveled through and the tribes they met. And when the great westward migration started, the mountain men were there to guide the wagon trains and scout for the expeditions. They were the trailblazers.

A mountain man named Thomas Fitzpatrick discovered South Pass, the most celebrated gateway in the Rocky Mountains. This pass was later to become a landmark on the Oregon Trail. The first party of Americans to travel through South Pass was led by another mountain man, a famous scout with the astonishing name of Jedediah Strong Smith.

When John Charles Fremont planned his exploration of the west, he wanted to get the best guides he could. So he got mountain men — Kit Carson and Old Bill Williams, among them.

In the television story of *Andy Burnett*, big Joe Crane and young Andy Burnett join forces to lead a band of mountain men in a series of hair-raising exploits. Andy and Joe are fictional characters, but they are truly like the real-life adventurers who roamed the high, lonely places and broke the trails for the explorers — and the gold-seekers and householders who came after.

Some of the old mountain men, like Carson and Williams, lived to become legends in their own time. Some are forgotten as completely as though they had never been. But all had their share in that great adventure of America — the conquest of the frontier.



# Mr. McKinity's Secret

by Mary Carey



## Part 2

*I was lonely in New York until I met Mr. McKinity, the mysterious old gentleman who lived in the big brownstone across the street. But after I met Mr. McKinity I was too busy to be lonely. He spent his Saturdays taking me around, showing me the city. Sometimes I wondered why he was so nice to me. What interest could he have in a twelve-year-old girl? Once I overheard him talking to someone about me—someone I couldn't see. He said that I'd "do." Do what? I wondered.*

Perhaps it's strange that I didn't talk to Mother and Dad about it—about all of it. I never told them about the way everything stopped the day the car nearly hit me, or about the strange voice in the parlor. Once in a while I'd try, but it sounded so foolish when it started to come out that I'd switch around and change the subject. Periodically Mother would fret that I was a nuisance to Mr. McKinity, or Daddy would ask me in an offhand way what we found to do together. They didn't really worry too much, though. There was something so reassuring about the old gentleman, and of course he charmed Mother completely.

One Thursday I came home from school to find Mr. McKinity established





illustrated by BILL BOSCHE

in our living room, charming Mother as usual, and booming in that hearty, hypnotic voice of his about "great theatrical evenings," and "occasions of importance."

It turned out that the "great theatrical evening," was to be the performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. McKinty wished to take me, and he wished to take me at night, not in the afternoon.

"Matinees are for matrons and schoolchildren," he bellowed to my astonished mother, who kept saying "But...but..."

He never gave her a chance. Before she could point out that while I might not be a matron, perhaps I was a schoolchild, he had arranged everything. He would call for me at seven thirty on Saturday evening. I should be ready promptly so that we could have a lemonade at Sherry's right inside the opera, before the performance and still have time to watch the audience come in.

"It will be an occasion of importance," he roared, getting to his feet and charging for the door, so that Mother couldn't argue.

Naturally I had to have a new dress. It was black velveteen and had Irish lace. And of course I had to have new

shoes to go with the new dress. If I'd teased a little more I might just possibly have gotten a new coat, but I didn't see any sense in pushing my luck. My Sunday coat would do.

Daddy suddenly came unglued on Saturday afternoon in the midst of the frenzied preparations for my "great theatrical evening." He whisked out to the corner florist and came back with a corsage of sweetpeas. This upset Mr. McKinty greatly when he came to call for me at seven thirty. He was carrying a white florist's box, too, and when he saw me standing there in my new dress, with the sweetpeas pinned on my shoulder, he turned red in the face and put his box down quickly on the hall table, behind the lamp. I didn't find out until the next morning that his box had camellias in it.

There was a taxi waiting when we went downstairs and we drove across town and up to the very door of the opera. Then in and across the red carpet and under the heavy, crystal chandeliers and up the big staircase that looks so grand and so shabby at the same time that I'm sure it's what an opera house should always be. And we *did* have a lemonade at Sherry's and then, wonder of wonders, we sat in a box!

Mr. McKinty produced a pair of opera glasses from nowhere and offered them to me with a flourish, and I was treated to a series of closeups of stylish ladies in beautiful gowns coming in for the performance.

And then the big curtain went up, and it was a great theatrical evening. Moira Shearer was Titania, Queen of the Fairies, and the climax, for me at least, came when she made her last exit, flying across the big stage of the Met. I know she had to wear some kind of apparatus to fly like that, but she did it, it seemed so real to me that I stood up quickly in the box and took a breath. I don't know whether I intended to take off and fly across the crowded house, and I never got a chance to find out, for Mr. McKinty caught my arm and I looked around to see him with his bushy eyebrows pulled down in that way he has that means "be careful." I sat down hard, and my face went so hot it's a wonder it didn't glow in the dark.

After it was all over we walked across to Fifth Avenue and then downtown past the dark, quiet stores. I was too busy being thrilled and embarrassed at the same time to say anything, and Mr. McKinty seemed to have things on his mind, too.

At last, just as we'd reached Altman's, Mr. McKinty said, "You really wanted to fly tonight, didn't you?"

"Yes," I smiled. He didn't seem angry at my foolishness.

"Have you ever tried to fly?" he asked.

I stared at him, getting that same

weird, dreamy feeling I'd had the day everything stopped.

"Why don't you try it?" he said. "Perhaps you can fly."

Now, when I think about it, I get little shivers on my back. But I didn't feel shivery then. Suddenly I felt as if there was something big inside me, something that made me light and beautiful, and that rose up in my throat like laughter.

And I lifted my arms and I *flew*!

I did more than fly. I soared and circled and swooped. Mr. McKinty stood on the sidewalk below me like a big black earthbound bird and laughed and shouted and beat his hands together. And I was laughing and shouting, too, scaring the pigeons that live high up in the cornices of the buildings.

I darted around the corner then, into 35th street, where a policeman was making a call at one of those little telephone boxes they have on lamp posts. I sailed down close to the sidewalk and tweaked his cap off as I passed him. Then I circled back to where Mr. McKinty was waiting and came in for a perfect landing next to him.

He took my hand and we began to walk again, soberly and sedately as any lady and gentleman on their way home from the theater. When the policeman had retrieved his hat and rushed out onto Fifth Avenue, all he saw was an elderly man walking down the street with a rather prim-looking girl. We could hear him muttering behind us and once I looked back and saw him scratching his head in puzzlement.

"I wonder what his desk sergeant will say if he reports that the biggest eagle anyone ever saw tried to steal his cap on East 35th Street?" mused Mr. McKinty.

I choked on a giggle. Then I looked up at Mr. McKinty. He had a twinkle in his eye, but his face had gone serious.

"You're wondering how you did it, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "And how you stopped everything that day I first met you—when the car was going to hit me?"

"So you noticed that, did you? I thought you might have missed it in the confusion that day."

He walked on in silence for a few minutes, then he said, "Well, I guess it's all right for you to know my secret. It's Sean. He's the one who made you fly, not me."

"Sean?" I said. "Who is Sean? You talked to him one day in the parlor—I heard you—but I couldn't see anyone there."

"That's not unusual," said Mr. McKinty. "Very few people can see Sean, but that doesn't mean he isn't real. You see, Sean is a leprechaun."

I accepted this without question. If Mr. McKinty had told me that Sean was a two-headed dinosaur who could



dance a jig, I'd have accepted it without question that evening.

"I met Sean a good many years ago," Mr. McKinty went on. "I was just a young fellow working as a stevedore down on the docks then, and I was poor as Job's turkey. What's more, it looked as if I'd never get a chance to make anything of myself. I had no education and no prospect of ever getting any. Then, one night when we were unloading a ship from England, I came across Sean.

"I thought I'd lost my mind at first when I saw the little fellow—he's hardly a foot high. He had crawled into the cargo hold and stowed away there among the crates and boxes. He was asleep when I found him, all curled up on a packing case, with his little boots standing neatly next to him, heels and toes lined up. His little old face was all wrinkled and wizened and he looked terribly tired as if he had about a thousand years of sleeping to catch up on.

"As I stood staring at him, with my mouth open I suppose, I heard the boss coming. He was a big, brawny fellow named Gerrity, and he was a brute. I didn't know what he'd do if he found a wee man sleeping in the hold, but I thought it would be better not to find out. So I scooped Sean up and tucked him into my shirt. He didn't weigh as much as a feather.

"Gerrity caught me, though, standing there looking as if I was doing nothing, and that hot temper of his flared out. He roared like the big bull he was, and reached out to grab me by the

shirt front. That's when he got the shock of his life!"

Mr. McKinty stopped in his story and laughed out loud at the memory of it.

"As soon as his hand touched my shirt, there was a strange kind of sparking, cracking noise, and Gerrity was knocked flat on his back just as if he'd put his hand on a live wire. He got up shaking his head as if he was trying to clear cobwebs out of it. He glared at me, but he didn't try to touch me again. All the time I was finishing my work that night, I could feel Gerrity watching me, trying to figure out how I'd knocked him down without raising a hand to him.

"I held my peace and finished up and went home, and Sean tucked inside my shirt all this time. It wasn't till I'd locked myself in my room that I took the little fellow out and set him on the dresser.

"He was awake then, of course, and very interested to see where he was and what kind of place it might be. He sat himself down on a little leather box I kept my clean collars in and crossed his legs and started firing questions at me in that thin, high little voice of his. Where was he? Was he in America? And what might my name be? And who was that great monster of a man down on the ship? And, lastly, he was hungry. Could I give him a scrap of something to eat?

"I could and I did, though it wasn't very grand. Only some cheese left over

from my lunch and half of a rather dry apple. But he enjoyed it, or seemed to, and while he ate you can bet I asked a few questions of my own."

We had reached the door to our apartment house by this time, and Mr. McKinty stopped and asked "Would you care to take a turn or two around the block with me, and I'll finish my story?"

Would I? Nothing could have dragged me away at that point. We walked east again, and Mr. McKinty went on with his tale.

"Sean told me that he was a leprechaun," Mr. McKinty said, "and looking at the size of him, I couldn't disbelieve it, though I'd never had any faith in elves and leprechauns and such. Still, there he was, eating my cheese, so I had to believe in him.

"He wasn't a very good leprechaun, he said, since he hadn't a taste for devilment like most of his breed. Oh, he'd play an occasional prank, just for the fun of it, but he couldn't see anything funny in souring milk when it's set out to cool, or frightening cows so that they'd run off and the cowherd would have to chase them over hill and dale. I guess the trouble with Sean was that he was forever putting himself in the other person's place. He had a sense of humor, all right, but he hadn't the streak of meanness of most of his tribe. The other leprechauns were quite discouraged with Sean, and called him old sobersides and lots of other things beside, till he got fed up with them and decided to set out to seek his own fortune.

"He dug up his pot of gold and went off by himself. He hadn't gotten very far when he realized he didn't need the gold. Indeed, if he tried to buy anything with it he invariably frightened shopkeepers out of their senses. So he buried it again and lived by filching smidgins of this and that from kitchens and shops. He was lonely, though, wandering about all by himself, so he stowed away on a ship to America. It was a grand, bustling land, he'd heard, and an enterprising leprechaun might be able to do quite well for himself there. He might even find some friends.

"That was Sean's story, up until the time I found him. He settled down with me in that little room, and when I went off to work each day he'd wander about the city. It was some little time before I realized that no one could see him but me. And what corners and odd places he would get into, and what wonderful things he'd have to tell when I came home each day.

"And then, one day, Sean discovered the stock market. He came home just wild with the excitement of it, and asked me questions six to the dozen. I didn't know a thing about stocks and bonds then—though I've learned a lot since—





but we got some books and the papers and studied the whole thing out."

Mr. McKinty chuckled, "Sean was of the opinion that a man could make a fortune in the stock market," he said. "And he was right."

"'McKinty,' he said to me, 'all we need is some capital and you'll never need to work again.'"

"'Fine,' said I. 'And where'll we get capital?'"

"'I've still got my pot of gold,' said Sean. 'I'll just whistle it here.'"

"And he sat down on my old collar box, screwed up his face and whistled with all his might. Nothing happened at first, and I was about to tell him to save his breath, when a heavy something plumped down out of thin air, just barely missing my head as it came."

"It was Sean's pot of gold, all right, and quite large, too. I took it next morning to an old fellow who ran an odd business downtown. It was said he'd buy anything, and ask no questions about where it came from."

He bought Sean's gold, though it took him a week to get together the money for it, and he asked no questions. But when I left his shop for the last time, with paper money crisp in my pocket, he held out two fingers after me. I've heard some folk in Europe do that to ward off the evil eye."

"Did you and Sean make your money in the stock market?" I asked.

"Yes," Mr. McKinty said. "Sean can't predict the future—only the good Lord can do that—but he's smarter than any mortal about figuring things out, and being invisible as he is, he could get into private places and overhear private conversations and pick up bits of information that no one else could know."

"So we did quite well the first year, with Sean figuring the moves, and the second was even better. And by the third year we'd run Sean's pot of gold up to a million dollars. After that we didn't even have to work at it. The money just came in by itself."

"Sean gave up his old-country clothes and took to wearing suits like an American businessman. As a matter of fact, he became a thoroughly American leprechaun, if you can imagine such a thing. We bought the house on 32nd Street then, and started to enjoy ourselves. We traveled and we read and we went to the theaters and the music halls. Sean likes to get around and see things, and so do I. And so do you."

Mr. McKinty stopped dead in the sidewalk then, and he looked at me questioningly.

"Yes I do," I said. "Is that what you meant that day in the parlor when you told Sean I'd do?"

"I don't think I'll live forever," said Mr. McKinty. "But Sean will. And when I'm gone he'll want some companion to share things with, just as he

shares them with me. I've been thinking it might be you, but Sean isn't sure. He never has cottoned much to womenfolk. He says they get so mixed up with husbands and children and running households that they never have time for the journeys and the fun. That's why you've never seen Sean. He isn't sure of you, or he'd show himself."

"I see," I said, rather miserably. By this time I believed passionately in Sean and it seemed unfair that he held it against me that I was a girl."

We walked back to the apartment house, and I thanked Mr. McKinty and went inside.

I didn't know it then, but *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Met was the last outing Mr. McKinty and I were to have. He fell the next Wednesday, coming downstairs, and was too old, I guess, for his bones to knit easily—so he had to stay at home, propped up in his big bed. On Saturdays I'd run in to see him, and I always had to bring him news of what I'd seen all week."

He lay in that big bed for almost a year, and I saw him every week, but I never once saw Sean. Mr. McKinty talked about him, though, telling stories of places they had been together and things they had seen and done. Although Sean couldn't see into the future, it seemed he did have some strange powers. I'd had a taste of them once or twice myself, so I could laugh right along with Mr. McKinty when the old gentleman told me about some of Sean's adventures."

At last the doctors decided Mr. McKinty never would get well just lying there in the bed. I think the old man was rather tired of just four walls to look at, too. At any rate, he was packed up and sent off to Florida. Mrs. Gregson, the housekeeper, went with him to see that he was kept comfortable and had everything he needed, and the other servants were sent off with handsome presents in their pockets. The big brownstone was closed and shuttered."

All this happened more than two years ago. I heard from Mr. McKinty for a while—postcards from Florida first, then from Havana, from Buenos Aires, from South Africa. His hip had healed and he was fine, and Sean was fine. They must have had the wanderlust again. As time went by, the postcards became fewer and farther apart, and the times I'd spent with Mr. McKinty began to seem more and more like a dream or like something that had happened to someone else. And all the wonderful stories Mr. McKinty told me about his adventures with Sean seemed to run together and overlap one another, like a watercolor that's been left out in the rain."

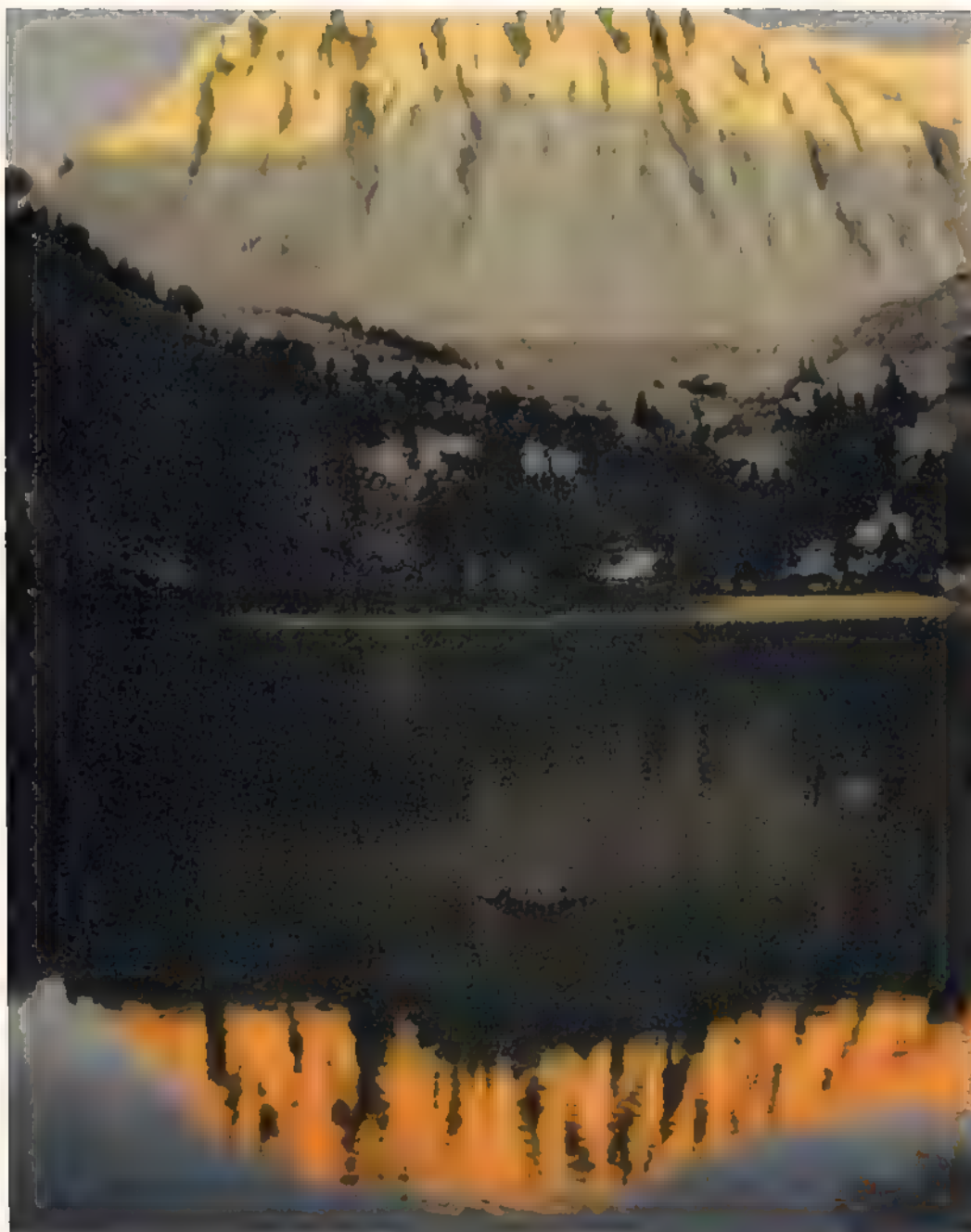
But not now. Now it's all real again, and all clear. They're coming back. I know it. Because I was walking along

East 35th Street the other day, and there was a policeman making a call at one of those little telephone boxes they put up on lamp posts and all of a sudden his cap just flipped right off his head! It was just as if the biggest eagle anyone ever saw had tried to steal it."

The big brownstone across the street is still dark and shuttered, but any day now I know it will have lights and Mr. McKinty will be home again. And somehow, this time, I think I'll get to see Sean."







# MOUNTAIN CHALLENGE

*by Jim Lewis*

Someone once said, "A man would rather stand on a mountain and look down than at its base and look up."

Never had this saying meant so much as now, when Jim Martin and Don Smith, standing on the rocky shore of Mirror Lake, looked at Mount Whitney for the first time.

It was early morning, and the two 18-year-old boys had been hiking since before dawn. In darkness they had left Whitney Portal, the place where the road ends and the John Muir Trail begins.

Finally they had reached this lonely spot on the edge of Mirror Lake, 10,500 feet above sea level. They could look up to Whitney, at 14,495 feet the highest peak in the United States, and could look down on the green carpets of fir and pine trees far below.

The landscape was dotted with patches of snow, shimmering and sparkling in the sunlight. But to the boys snow presented an obstacle, an icy moat guarding



a remote and forbidden castle.

Consultation Lake was frozen over, and the boys trudged on, up a valley to a small spring-fed lake where they would make camp.

As they reached the lake they noticed a tiny, lacy cloud caught in the strong wind circling through the High Sierras.

To Jim, the seasoned mountain climber, the cloud meant danger. "It means a storm is brewing. We'd better head for the far end of the valley to find shelter. Out here we'd be sitting ducks," he said.

As the boys rapidly made their way over the rocks, more clouds formed. Suddenly the light was shut out, and a sharp, penetrating wind whistled through the peaks.

"Sure wish we'd brought a poncho," gasped Jim.

As he spoke the skies opened up and water began to fall. Raindrops and hailstones the size of half-dollars pelted the two.

They dove under a rock ledge. From their shelter they watched the effects of a Sierra storm. The mountains became vague and misty, and a thousand tiny streams began to flow through the valley.

Looking around, they discovered

themselves under an overhanging granite boulder with only three feet clearance above the valley floor. It was like making camp in the mouth of a stone giant.

"Boy, old Whitney has the laugh on us this time," Don said.

They ate a dinner of dehydrated beef stew, laid their clothes out to dry and crawled into their sleeping bags. As the boys slept, the rain changed to snow and back to hail. An icy wind whipped under the rocks. Before dawn the storm spent itself, and by morning the sky was once again clear and clean.

As they peeked from under their boulder, the boys thought nothing had ever looked so beautiful.

"Whitney," yelled Don, "here we come!"

They left their base camp. In the first mile and a half there were 120 switchbacks. The boys seemed to be getting nowhere, wearing themselves out for nothing. They arrived at Trail Crest, the highest pass (13,600 feet) in the Sierras. Less than a thousand feet straight up was their goal.

"It looks only minutes away," remarked Don.

"Don't let it fool you," said Jim. "Distances in the mountains are

deceiving. It's still a mile and a half by trail, and it usually takes three and a half to four hours."

The going was slow in the deep snow. They passed the 14,000 foot mark, a critical point for beginners.

"Let's take another break," suggested Jim. "This is your first time on a mountain. Do you feel OK?"

"Well, my stomach feels funny, and I have a headache," said Don.

"Headaches are common in the high altitude. Let's take a rest."

"No, I'll be all right." As he spoke, Don wavered, took another step and teetered.

Jim moved toward him, but suddenly his companion lost his sense of balance and fell backwards. They were less than a hundred yards from a cliff edge, and beyond was the three thousand foot drop down the mountain's east face.

Jim watched, horror-stricken, as Don began rolling down the steep slope. He fell in slow-motion, as in a dream, and Jim stood frozen as he saw his friend hurtling to disaster down the steep, snow-covered incline.

Jim was helpless as Don rolled faster and faster toward the edge.

Then, as suddenly as he started falling, he stopped, rolling into a huge, snow-capped boulder. He came to rest six feet from the cliff edge.

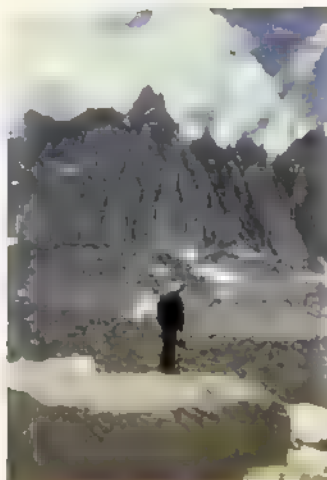
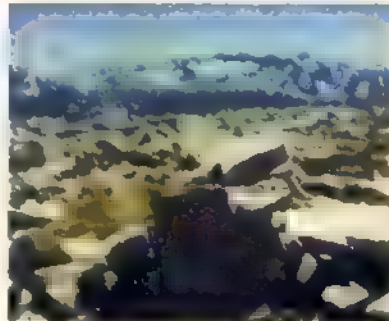
Cautiously Jim made his way down the incline. He reached Don's side. "Are you all right?" he asked.

Don nodded, too frightened to speak. He was as white as the snow around him. Then he got his breath.

"Help me up and let's get going before I start thinking about this," he said.

They pushed on, using their ice axes to work through the heavy snow. Fortunately they were able to follow tracks of a previous party, and within an hour they succeeded in scaling Mount Whitney. The conquest had finally been accomplished after a trek of 16 miles lasting 28 hours.

The boys stood on the crest. They were truly kings of the mountain. They stood on the top of the United States and took in the unequalled panorama. It had been a good trip. They would never forget Mount Whitney, the Everest of the Sierras, a challenge to the mountain climber and an everlasting memory in the minds of two 18-year-old boys.





*GOOFY, the perennial  
playboy discusses...*

# Snowtime Pastimes

When it comes to winter sports, nobody knows more than our own Goofy, all-around expert on things in general. He has consented to reveal the best techniques for excelling in snowtime pastimes.

Goofy's success on skis is one of the wonders of the world. He attributes it largely to the following rigorous training schedule:

**6:00 A.M.:** Alarm goes off

**10:30 A.M.:** Get up

**11:00 A.M.:** Breakfast

**11:30 A.M.:** Read newspapers

**NOON:** Lunch

**1:00 P.M.:** Afternoon nap

**4:00 P.M.:** Arise from nap

**4:30 P.M.:** Up and down hill  
three times on ski lift

**5:00 P.M.:** Dress for dinner

**6:00 P.M.:** Dinner

**7:00 P.M.:** Movie

**9:00 P.M.:** Second feature

**11:00 P.M.:** Late movie

**1:00 A.M.:** Go to bed, exhausted  
after rugged day of training.

By following this schedule anybody can become a ski champion,

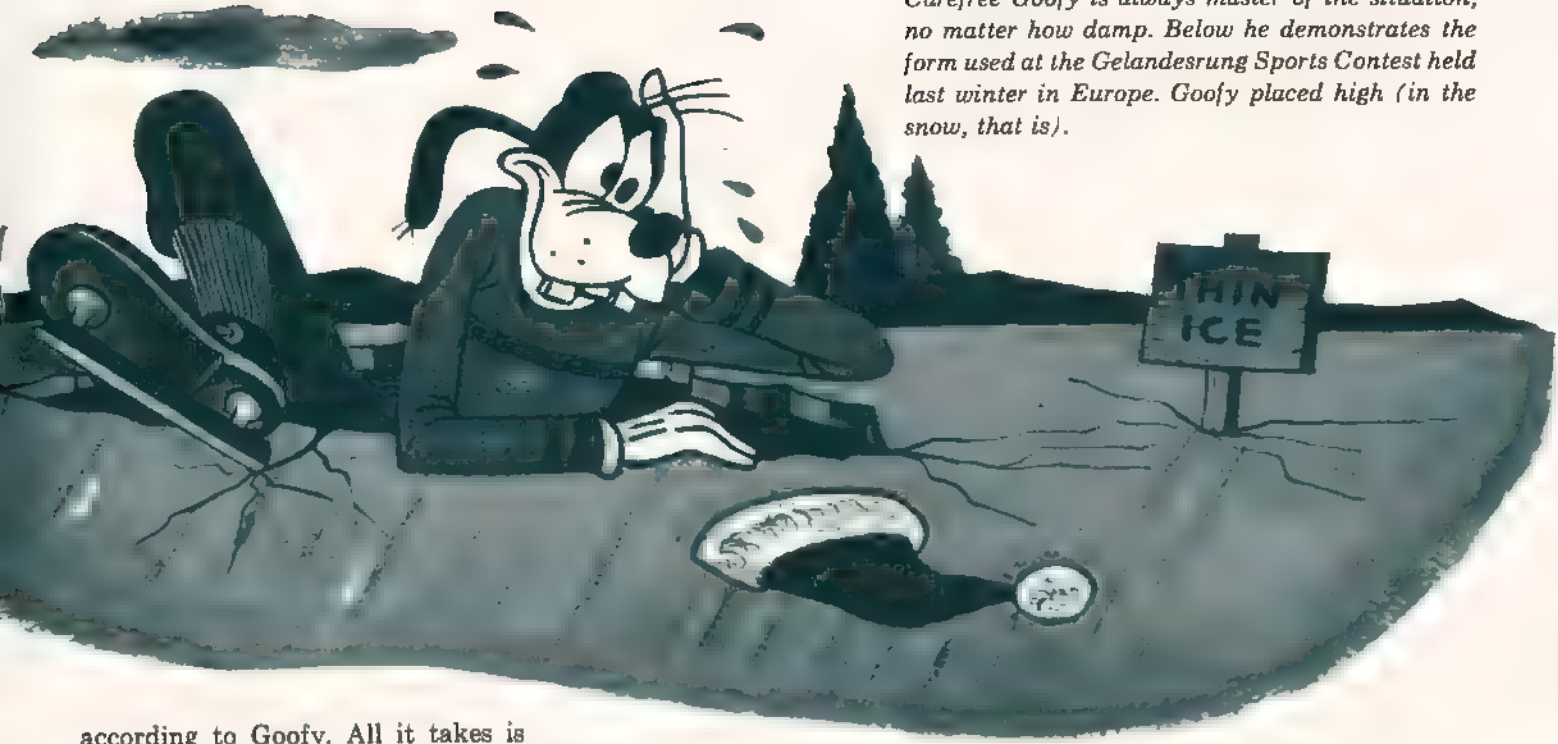


*"This is for the birds," tweet the feathered residents whose home has just been crunched by a shuddering "Goofy stop." Fortunately for these tree dwellers, this sort of thing happens only in the winter time.*

illustrated by BARNHART/ROARK



Carefree Goofy is always master of the situation, no matter how damp. Below he demonstrates the form used at the Gelandesprung Sports Contest held last winter in Europe. Goofy placed high (in the snow, that is).



according to Goofy. All it takes is practice, a will to learn and, of course, a pair of skis.

Many who have seen Goofy's short film, *How to Ski*, have thrilled to his grace and coordination as he performs the intricate schuss, the difficult slalom, the beautiful Christy, and the harrowing jump turn.

Goofy developed a new kind of slowing-down process which has been named "The Goofy Stop." It is illustrated at left.

His unusual but poetic form on the toboggan (see below) has caused experts on every continent to gasp with astonishment.

On skates Goofy is no less adept. Gliding gracefully over the ice at the speed of greased lightning, Goofy is ever the master of any situation.

When not pulling down blue ribbons for his fantastic speed, Goofy practices fancy skating. As shown above, his rapid twirls, when figure skating, can melt the ice.





# is the WOLF really BAD?

*by James Algar*



Of all the near-legendary animals in nature, the wolf is the one around whom the most folklore seems to cling. In fairy tales the world over, he is invariably made out the villain and symbol of all things wicked. Indeed, our impression of this animal comes more from "Little Red Riding Hood" than from nature itself.

The wolf is a predator, to be sure, but one who serves a useful purpose in nature's scheme of things. In comparison with his legend, he is surprisingly well-behaved. But that's only when he's left alone to play the role nature intended. It's when he meets civilization that the wolf seems to become the deep-dyed villain of the storybooks.

All frontier communities have known the wolf as a rover and a raider. Even our own American frontier knew his presence, and when man brought cattle onto the ranges of the buffalo, it must be said that the wolf was faced with overwhelming temptation. To kill the cattle was an easier way for the wolf to make a living than to kill the warier, swift-footed creatures that were his natural prey. And so it wasn't long before he had succeeded in making himself highly unpopular on the American frontier.

As the raising of cattle grew to the proportions of ■ major American industry, the persecution of the wolf grew, too, and in time he was considered the bane of the cattleman's existence. And soon a campaign of extermination was begun. Guns, dogs and poison eventually drove him from the American scene. Toward the end of his reign on the American plains, when there were only ■ few of his kind surviving in that region, a sentiment of understanding began to swing his way. The late Ernest Thompson Seton was one of those who wrote sympathetically about this animal, and his story called *Lobo* remains one of the classics in the lore of the wolf.

Nowadays, wolves can survive only in the remote reaches of the Arctic wastelands. This much-maligned species has been driven out of nearly every other area of the globe.

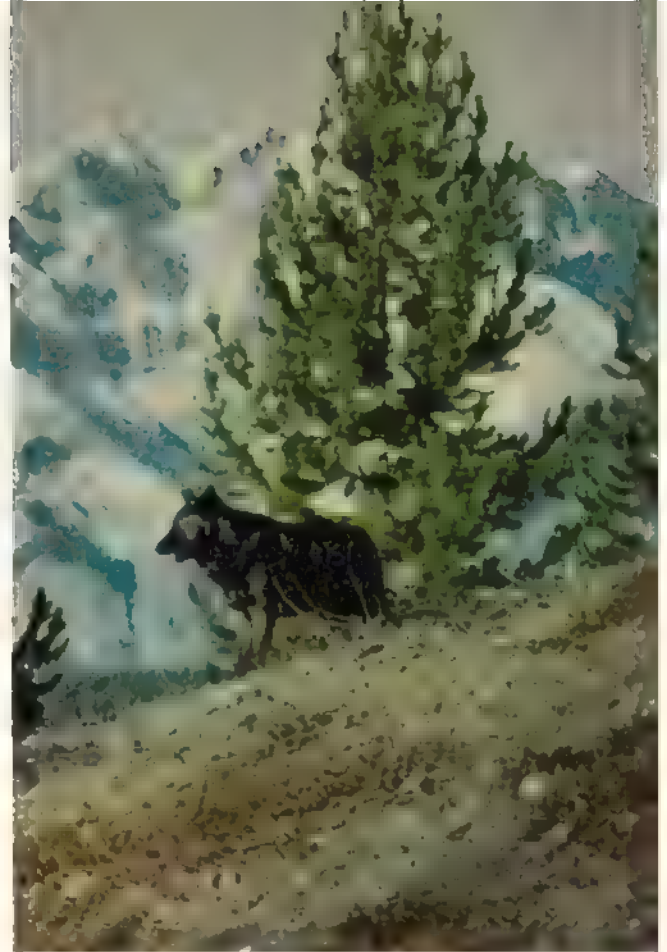
The progenitor of the dog clan, the wolf possesses many of the canine virtues, among them, loyalty to his kind. Wolves mate for life and the male is an unusually good provider. As ■ parent, he is surprisingly patient with his youngsters and willingly submits to the playful mauling that fathers are expected to undergo. When he wishes to discipline his unruly charges, he does it with a mere nip of his steel-trap jaws. These are the same jaws that can bring down full-grown caribou and reindeer, yet at home the wolf holds their crushing power in check.

One of the earliest lessons taught the wolf pups is the technique of hunting. In the wide open spaces of the Arctic barrens, it's not always easy to find a meal, and the art of tracking and trailing must be constantly practiced.

It's in working together as a family unit that the pups get used to the feel of the group, and in this way they are trained toward the time when they will take their places in a pack.



*A wolf prowls in the snows for food. Above, right, he waits by a mountain gorge for a herd of caribou to pass, certain that the hunting will be good.*



From centuries of experience, the wolves have learned that there is one hunting territory where success is practically guaranteed. This is the region near the mountain passes. Through these gateways must pass the great caribou herds on their way to their tundra grazing grounds, and so the wolves set up a watch along the ramparts above.

They are rarely disappointed. Sooner or later, the great herds must come through on their annual migration. This trek often involves thousands of animals, a flowing tide that moves toward the Pole as surely as the rushing rivers that seek the Arctic sea. The coming of the caribou means a time of plenty for the wolves. They know how to make the narrow valleys work to their advantage. Hemmed in by the rocky walls on each side, the caribou must run the gauntlet, and it is only natural that some will not get through.

When the chase begins, the wolves run the herd in relays, spelling each other from time to time. The caribou are given no chance to stop for rest, and as the wolves intend it should, fatigue begins to slow them down. Some of them falter. Presently these laggards find themselves overtaken.

This is nature's way of culling out the herd, and generally speaking, the wolves pull down only the cripples and the weaklings. One by one, the unfit come to the end of the trail. But the fittest survive the ordeal, and over the long span of time, the herds benefit from this removal of the weaklings. In this way does the wolf serve his natural purpose and find his natural place in nature's scheme of things.



*Mama wolf is quite patient with her youngsters. Here she romps and plays with one, often absorbing a mild mauling from the fractious offspring in the process.*





## POEM FOR WINTER

**W**hen winter comes  
and cloaks the ground with white,  
The men of snow appear  
almost overnight,  
And sleighs and sleds  
beyond the hill do coast,  
Then Christmas comes....  
that's what I like the most.

Sandra G., Age 9, Buffalo, New York

**H**



ere's a trick to fool the whole family! Bet the grown-ups that you can put a spoon in a glass without touching either the spoon or the glass.

Sound difficult? Not if you know the secret. Here's how to do it: Lay two spoons on the table in front of the glass. Be sure the back spoon touches the glass and the front spoon touches the bowl of the back one. Then tap the bowl of the front spoon sharply to send the back spoon up into the air and down into the glass. A little practice will make you perfect at this, but you'd better not practice with your mother's best glasses.



**a**lphabet quizzes are always fun. Here we have one by Anita Chesses of Baltimore, Maryland. Anita gives us the first letter of a word, and the definition, and we fill out the remaining letters with dashes. It's up to you to figure out the missing word.

For example, the first puzzle is A - - - - -, and the definition says, "Took viewers on a tour of Samoa." The answer is the name of one of your favorite Mouseketeers, Annette. How well can you do on the rest of the alphabet? To check your answers, turn to page 42.

**A**nette Took viewers on a tour of Samoa  
Bobby Rode unicycle on "Anything Can Happen"  
Day

**C**haerl New, blonde, female Mouseketeer  
Doreen Mouseketeer with lovely voice, pony tail  
Ellsworth Talking myna bird, Mickey's friend  
Fozzy Gained fame as Davy Crockett  
Gorby Good-natured, confused friend of Mickey  
Mouse

**H**olt Portrayed Johnny Tremain  
Keweenaw (three words) Medicine man of  
Westward Ho the Wagons!

**J**immy Leader of Mouseketeers  
Karen Mouseketeer with long, blonde curls  
Lacelle Also blond, but not with long curls  
Monsieur Villain in television series  
Norton's Half Acre, a True-Life Adventure  
Octavius Complete name of Gus, fat little mouse  
in Cinderella

**P**laton Mickey's canine friend  
Queen Snow White's stepmother  
Rex Big Mouseketeer  
Sherry Rhymes with Kacey  
Terry There are two of these. One sings, the other  
plays Joe Hardy  
Uncle Remus—a famous storyteller  
Venison Deer meat eaten in Westward Ho the  
Wagons!

**W**alt He's the boss  
Xylophone Musical instrument played by Cubby  
Yeller Canine hero of new motion picture  
Zorro New television series

# PIPE CLEANER FUN

You can make all sorts of things out of pipe cleaners—lapel pins, for instance, bent in the form of initials.

For most letters, one cleaner will be enough, but in some cases you may have to use two or three.

The wires forming the body of the cleaners are easy to bend, and once you have formed an initial, bind the letter with colored yarn. Don't forget to tie a tight knot when you've finished otherwise the yarn will unravel.

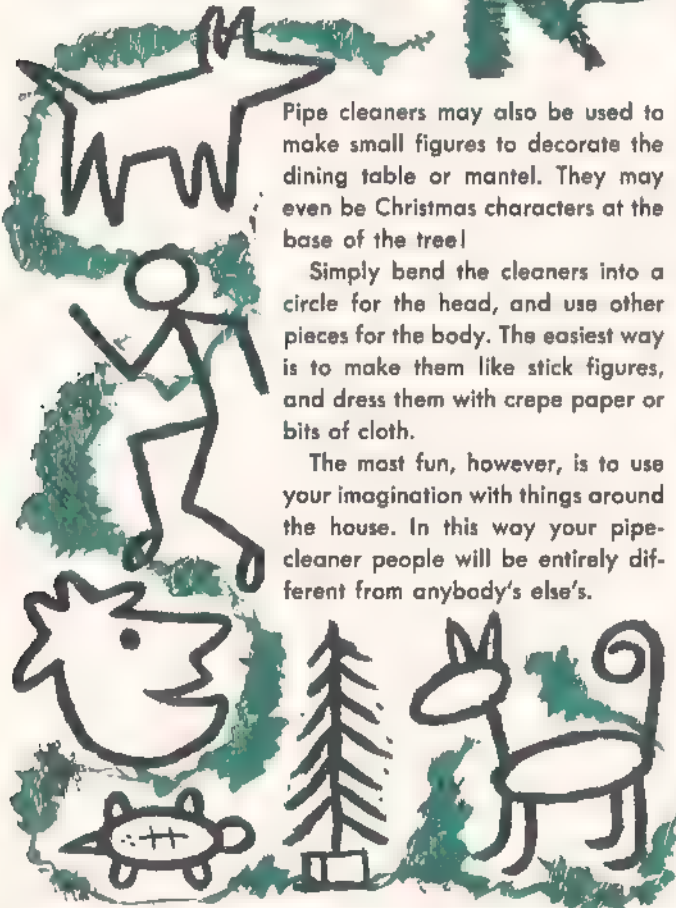
For fastening, stick a small safety-pin through the yarn at the back of the letter, and you'll find the initial can be easily attached to your lapel.



Pipe cleaners may also be used to make small figures to decorate the dining table or mantel. They may even be Christmas characters at the base of the tree!

Simply bend the cleaners into a circle for the head, and use other pieces for the body. The easiest way is to make them like stick figures, and dress them with crepe paper or bits of cloth.

The most fun, however, is to use your imagination with things around the house. In this way your pipe-cleaner people will be entirely different from anybody's else's.



Here's a brand new crossword puzzle. There are no hints on this one, and some of the words are pretty tough. You might have to use a dictionary.



## DOWN

1. West Orange (initials)
5. Altitude (abbreviation)
9. Meadow
13. Mouseketeer (boy, first name)
17. Pacific Southwest Airlines (abbreviation)
21. Oscar Levant (initials)
25. Another Mouseketeer (girl, first name)
29. Makes equal
33. Physical education (abbreviation)
37. River in Italy
41. Litter or garbage
45. Marconi invented it
49. Preposition
53. Pungent flavoring
57. Ancient city in Iraq
61. Something to sleep on
65. Kind of fish
69. Theater term for Standing Room Only
73. Trinity Lake (initials)
77. Ebenezer Scrooge (initials)

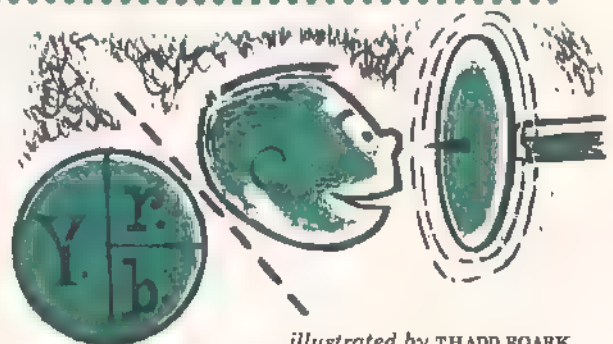
## ACROSS

1. . . . . Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse
5. Pig in a . . . .
9. Table spread (sometimes used in place of butter)
13. Marche . . . . (popular composition by Tchaikovsky)
17. Well-known resort city in Florida
21. Regarding (abbreviation)
25. Myself
29. Writing instrument
33. Walled city in Asia Minor (Priam was its king)
37. Male children
41. Walked fast
45. Opposite of down
49. Public notice (abbreviation)
53. Jails on a ship
57. Location of a building
61. Organization sending food packages
65. To have in your hand
69. Cupid; Greek god of love

Answers to puzzle on page 42.

Did you know that if you paint yellow, red and blue on a disc and whirl it around, the colors will disappear? Mystify your friends with this trick. First, cut a disc three inches in diameter out of a piece of cardboard. With crayons or paints color half the disc yellow. Then fill in one quarter with red and the remaining quarter with blue.

After you have done this, punch a hole through the center and slip the disc over the tip of a pencil so that it can spin freely. To make the colors disappear, spin the disc so it whirls rapidly. Your friends will be amazed to see the colors vanish.



illustrated by THADD ROARK



*the strange story of*

# Baby Weems

*by Dick Huemer*



Nowadays, you seldom hear Baby Weems mentioned. Yet there was a time (and not so very long ago) when the two words "Baby Weems" were on everybody's lips. There was a time when the world held its breath to hear what this wonder child had to tell it.

The whole thing started normally enough. A certain Mr. John Weems sat in the waiting room of a hospital in a small town, waiting for his first child to be born. He was hoping it would be a boy—and it was. So both he and Mrs. Weems were terribly happy. And this was all very normal, too. But right there is where all normality came to a screeching halt.

That very night, as Nurse Nolan made her rounds in the hospital nursery, she stopped beside the crib of little

Baby Weems. Most of the other babies were exercising their lungs, but Baby Weems seemed so alert and bright-eyed and contented that Nurse Nolan made an idle remark. "My, but you're a quiet little fellow," she said, tweaking his chin.

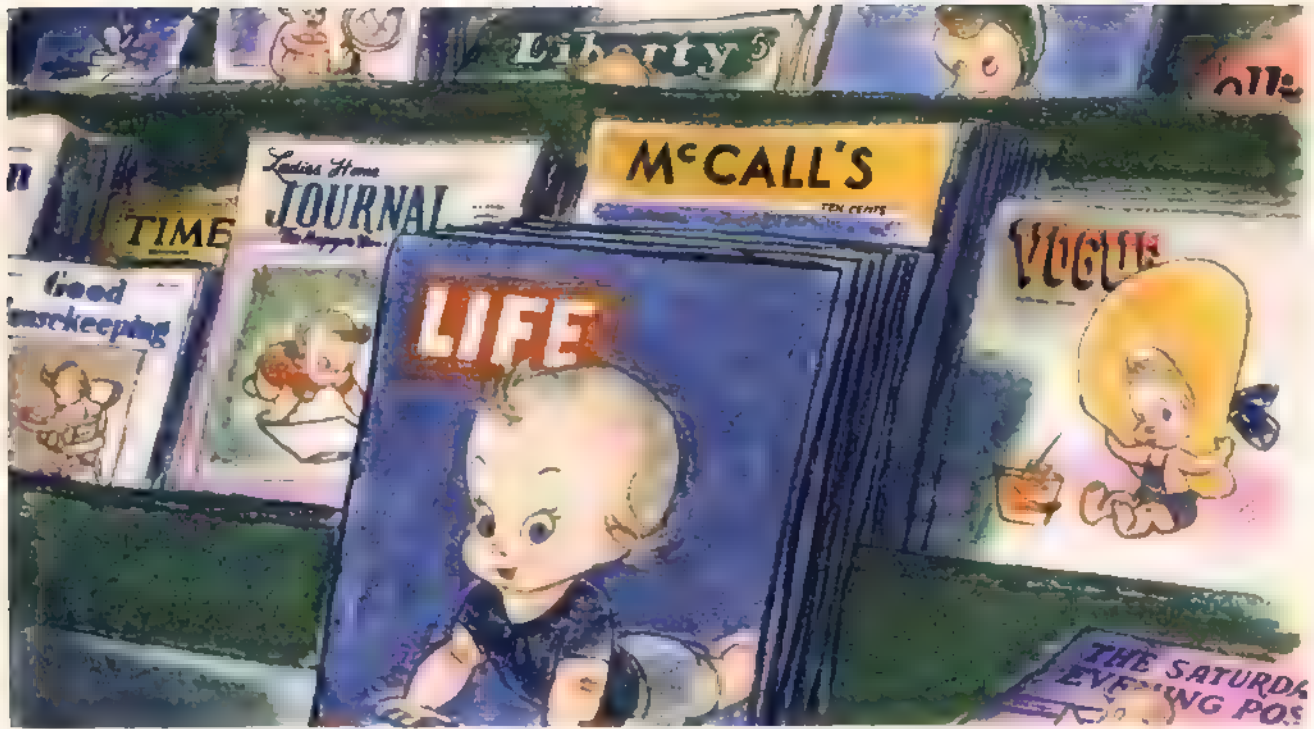
"There's really nothing to talk about," replied Baby Weems, yawning slightly.

It took Nurse Nolan a full half minute to realize what had happened. Then she made a completely pointless statement. "Why...why...YOU TALKED!" she stammered.

"It isn't against the rules, is it?" asked Baby Weems. And Nurse Nolan collapsed slowly to the floor.

In less than an hour the talking baby had become the biggest news of the century. The eyes of the world





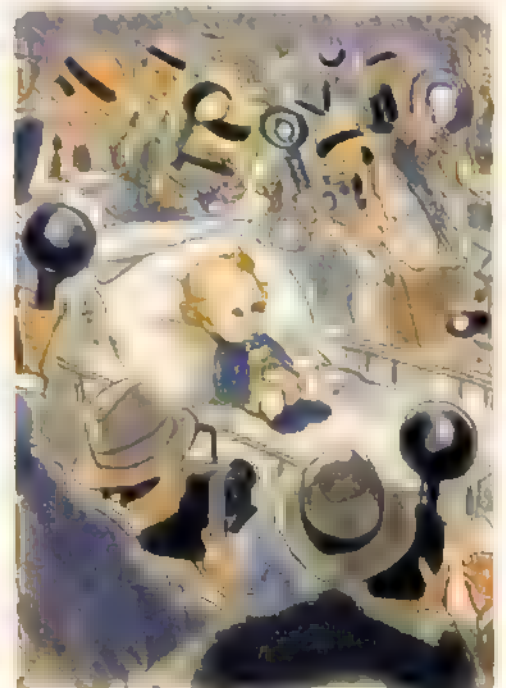
focused with frightening intensity upon the bassinette of the new phenomenon, Baby Weems.

But the most wonderful thing about Baby Weems was still to be discovered. When the doctors and scientists examined him, they soon found out that his ability to talk was nothing compared to his ability to *think*. In his tiny head was a brain that surpassed other human brains as much as human brains surpassed those of monkeys or chimpanzees.

Plainly, such a miracle child was public property. He certainly could not be left with his parents. In some way they might curb his great usefulness to humanity. Whereupon, those who make these decisions put Baby Weems in charge of those who knew exactly how to take care of a talking baby with a super-intellect. If Mr.

and Mrs. Weems wanted to find out how their baby was doing, they could read about him in the magazines and the newspapers or listen to the news stories on television and radio.

They were proud, of course, when they learned of the great honors that were being heaped upon Baby Weems' curly little head. They saw photos of him being made a Knight of the Garter (although some wag quipped that "Knight of the Diaper" would have been more fitting). And they thrilled when their baby became an honorary Indian Chief, with the title "Chief Fox Brain." They were astonished at his fantastic ability to compose music. His symphonies were becoming the last word, or rather, the last note, in the musical world. But every now and then they thought how wonderful it





would be if they could hold him in their arms—just for a moment or two!

Everyone knew that sooner or later a meeting would be arranged between Baby Weems and the other great mind of the times, Dr. Albert Einstein, and so it was. Unfortunately, the press was not invited, but it was rumored after the conference that instead of Baby Weems being the only living person who could understand the Professor, it was Einstein who had become the only person to understand Baby Weems.

About this time, neighbors noticed



world, sat breathless by the radio. They waited. And they waited. After what seemed a very, very long while they heard the voice of an announcer, instead of the voice of Baby Weems.

"Flash!" the man said. "Baby Weems has just been stricken by a mysterious illness. The scheduled broadcast is indefinitely postponed."

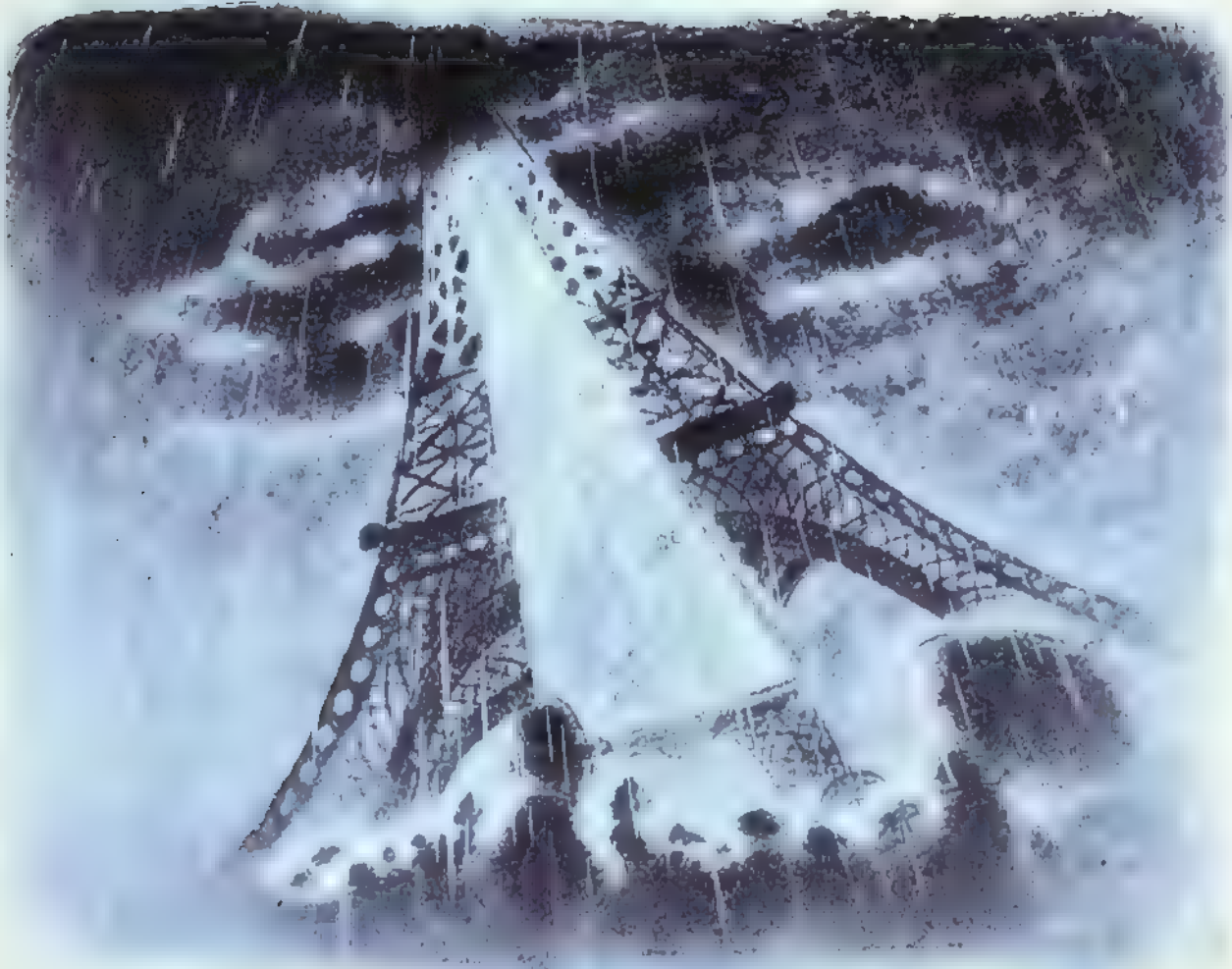
For the next few days, activity ceased all over the world. Crowds gathered at public bulletin boards. Families stayed glued to their radio sets. Even in the darkest jungles, the name and fame of Baby Weems had

with some concern that Mr. and Mrs. Weems had taken to rocking their radio in the crib that should have been cradling their infant son. It seemed to bring the lonely couple such comfort that, wisely, no one said anything about it.

It was while rocking the radio one night that the Weemses heard the most momentous news about their famous child. He had agreed to go on an international radio hook-up and lay before the people of the world an absolutely fool-proof formula for genuine happiness!

When the great day came, Mr. and Mrs. Weems, like the rest of the





penetrated, and tom-toms throbbed the tragic reports. Sick at heart, crowds before fever charts saw that the temperature of the miraculous infant was going up... and up... and up!

When it seemed that the little body could not possibly survive such an ordeal, there came a break. Slowly, but steadily, the terrible temperature of Baby Weems dropped. A thrill of joy went around the world.

In no time at all, Baby Weems was reported to be as good as new again. Once more came the welcome announcement that he would give his delayed broadcast. Now, at last, happiness would be within reach of one and all.

Surrounded by microphones, Baby Weems lay in his crib in the sound-proofed radio booth.

"You're on, Baby Weems!" cried the announcer.

"Gloggle," replied Baby Weems.

The officials looked at each other, perplexed. "Gloggle?"

"Da-da-da," continued the baby. Then he gave a shrill, happy gurgle, just like any other baby's shrill, happy gurgle.

He was still gurgling when they cut him off the air. What happened to Baby Weems? To this day, no one

knows. Only one thing is clear. His amazing intelligence disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared. Some people said it was the fever. Others claimed the astonishing baby had been a fake right along.

But in a little house in a modest part of a little town, Baby Weems *did* bring his message of happiness. For Mr. and Mrs. Weems got what they had always wanted—a normal, healthy baby. And he was all theirs. *They* were supremely happy, as only parents can be.







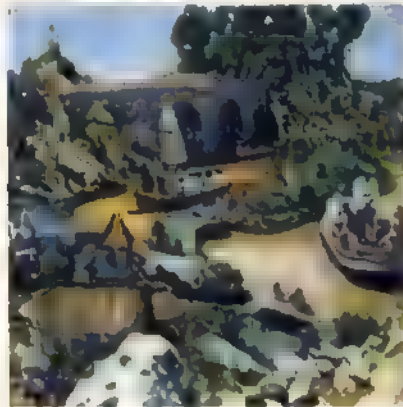
*Casey, Jr., the circus train.*



*Cinderella's chateau.*



*The Old Mill.*



*Geppetto's Swiss-Italian village.*

Each day, hundreds of visitors to Disneyland climb aboard colorful canal boats, or aboard Casey, Jr., the circus train, to see a model-maker's paradise called Storybook Land. There, in a miniature Swiss-Italian village, is the tiny, gaily painted shop of Geppetto the wood-carver. The dwarf's cottage, where Snow White took refuge from her evil stepmother, nestles under the trees. In the mountainside behind the cottage, the dwarf's jewel mine can be glimpsed. Pig Island is there, with the house of straw, the house of sticks, and the sturdy, neatly-painted house of bricks.

Not far away is the model of the

## Building Storybook Land



French chateau where Cinderella lived, and the castle high on the hill where she danced the night away. Across the canal, the stately residence of J. Thaddeus Toad is set in a formal, English garden.

The houses and palaces and wind-mills of Storybook Land are tiny. Even the largest ones are only a few feet tall. But they are as carefully planned and sturdily built as any full-size home.

To Disney artist Ken Anderson, who designed this miniature wonderland, the project was a challenge. "It wasn't any easier because it was small," he says now. "The land had to be graded just as it would be for a big building. The wiring had to be installed. All the things you have to consider in designing an ordinary, full-scale building had to be considered here.

"We had special problems, too. Pinocchio's village, for example, has





to have a certain character. It has to 'fit' the idea of the story. And what kind of a house did Alice live in before she followed the white rabbit down that hole into Wonderland?"

After the plans and drawings came the work in the model shop. There, under the skillful hands of Fred Joerger and his staff, Storybook Land began to take form. The buildings were made of marine plywood or redwood, covered with fiberglass. Tile roofs and brick chimneys were molded of fiberglass and joined to the houses. Metal flashings were used for foundations, to resist rot. Each little house and shop had openings so that air could circulate through and prevent mildew. There were hundreds of tests to find the right transparent dye for tiny, plastic "stained glass" windows. Tiny lead doorknobs were installed on tiny doors that opened and closed on minute hinges. Little thatched roofs were covered with plastic, so the birds couldn't carry them off.

When at last the buildings were finished and painted, the setting was ready for them at Disneyland—miniature trees, miniature shrubs, miniature mountains, and, appropriately enough, streets of tiny, hand-laid cobblestones!







The story about the pet lion was very good. A boy on our block had a pet lion, but they made him take it away after a few months. It was fun to play with. I hope you run more stories about things like this.

Bill W.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

*The Mickey Mouse Newsreel will be covering many such unusual events, and we hope to have pictures and stories of them as often as possible.*

—The Editor

I thought your story about the lemmings was one of the best I have ever read. You say it looks like a mouse but has no tail. Wouldn't this make it look like one of my pet hamsters?

Lorna S.  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Your pet hamster is probably about ten inches long. But a full-grown lemming is only five and a half inches long.*

—The Editor

Your story called "The Riddle of Atlantis" was very interesting, but it seems hard to believe that it could be true. Is it possible that there could be so much land where the Atlantic Ocean is now?

Bobby D.  
Boise, Idaho

*We don't know whether the story of Atlantis is true or not. However, it is known that parts of the Rocky Mountains in the United States and the Alps in Switzerland were once under water. If these mountains, over 14,000 feet high, were under water, then perhaps the ocean bottom could have been dry land.*

—The Editor

I am thirteen years old and I like Sharon Baird very much. Please print more about her in your magazine. Please print when her birthday is.

Randy L.  
Dallas, Texas

Please continue articles on the Mouseketeers in the future. I like the stories about their work. I especially like Annette. When is her birthday? Where does she live? Does she have any brothers and sisters?

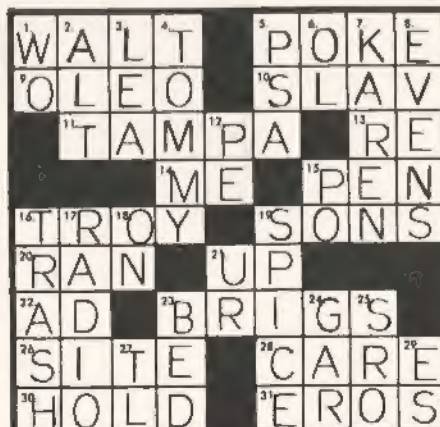
Jerry B.  
Spokane, Washington

Please have more stories about Lonnie Burr. The girls in my class flip over him. When is his birthday?

Louise S.  
Riverdale, Maryland

*We have had so many requests for the birthdays of the Mouseketeers that we've made a list for our readers. Here it is:*

Don Agrati—June 8  
Sharon Baird—August 16  
Bobby Burgess—May 19  
Lonnie Burr—May 31  
Tommy Cole—December 20  
Bonnie Lynn Fields—July 18  
Annette Funicello—October 22  
Darlene Gillespie—April 8  
Cheryl Holdridge—June 20  
Linda Hughes—October 22  
Cubby O'Brien—July 14  
Karen Pendleton—August 1  
Lynn Ready—December 3  
Doreen Tracey—April 13



Answers to DISNEY ALPHABET QUIZ:  
Annette, Bobby, Cheryl, Darlene, Ellsworth, Fess, Goofy, Hal, Iron Eyes Cody, Jimmie, Karen, Lonnie, Monastario, Nature's, Octavius, Pluto, Queen, Roy, Sharon, Tommy, Uncle, Venison, Walt, Xylophone, Yeller, Zorro.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Walt Disney's Magazine published bi-monthly at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Western Printing and Lithographing Company, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Editor, James A. Johnson, Burbank, California; Managing Editor, John B. Jackson, Burbank, California; Business Manager, Howard L. Anderson, Hyde Park, N. Y.

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(Signed) Howard L. Anderson  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1957.

Harry E. Johnson  
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1959)



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POLO SHIRT



TRIPLE-R-RANCH  
POLO SHIRT



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"Mickey Mouse Club"  
TV show wearing  
the skirt ensemble.



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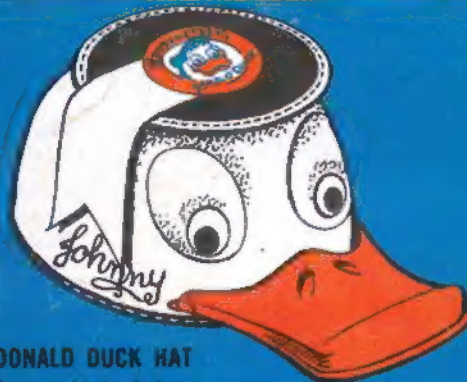


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